State Library

M'Kean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLVI | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1909. | NO. 7

OUR HOSE BOYS HOLD BANQUET TUESDAY NIGHT

It was the Fourth Annual Affair of This Kind.

OVER 100 GUESTS TAKE PART.

An Excellent Dancing Program and Sumptuous Repast were Pleasing Features—Speeches were Short and Sweet—A very Successful Event.

The fourth annual banquet and dance of Smethport Hose Company, No. 1, was held in the hose house Tuesday evening and fully one hundred members and guests spent a most enjoyable evening.

The members of the hose company have been preparing for this event for some time and when the guests began to arrive they found everything in readiness for them. The archway leading into the parlors was draped with national flags and the parlors were neatly arranged with card tables. The dancing hall was prettily decorated with evergreens and bunting and the orchestra pit was boxed in with the same materials. In the dining hall the same scheme was carried out and the whole building had on its gala day attire.

Chadwick's orchestra was present with their usual supply of tuneful music and after an overture started on the program of twenty-five dances which included many of the old-time favorites. The orchestra was at its best and the dancing was greatly enjoyed by old and young, while in the parlors many others were indulging in games of cards.

At about eleven o'clock the doors of the dining hall were thrown open and about one-third of the merry party took advantage of the opportunity to satisfy the inner man. And such a spread met their gaze that even those who were invited to respond to toasts put them so short that their remarks could not be classed as even minute addresses. The gist of their remarks was that they were anxious to eat.

All that any mortal man could ask for was there and it is a wonder how the long tables withstood the strain and the best part of it was, everything tasted extremely good. No, we are not going to name the good things because there were so many that were not down on the menu that it would be useless.

At each plate was a nickled steel disc a trifle smaller than a half dollar which was used as a souvenir. On one side was inscribed "Compliments of R. W. Hilton" and on the other was "40 dollars Feb. 16—09," and thereto hangs a tale.

While Leo Digel was soliciting funds for this occasion he met Hon. "Bob" Hilton, who when asked to contribute said that he had intended to make a donation for the excellent work done by this company at a fire at the Chemical factory at East Smethport and that he would send him a check for $40. Leo knows something about Mr. Hilton's reputation for forgetting things so he followed him to his office. "Bob" thought this would be a good chance to get a joke on "Little Mose" so he asked a clerk to bring him a bag of coin, which was marked $100. Leo offered the suggestion that this would be about right and as Mr. H. did not offer any objections he started away with the "coin."

Pretty soon Leo's inquisitiveness got the better of him and he opened the bag and his disappointment can easily be imagined when he discovered that his coin consisted of about 200 of these plain steel discs. He hurried back and got the laugh and—the check for $40. The discs were taken to the Backus Novelty Co., where they were nickeled and used for souvenirs.

The Borough Election.

The election held in this borough on Tuesday was unusually quiet. The extremely unpleasant weather kept a great many voters at home because there was very few contests and the contests were in no way spirited. Following is the vote as cast:

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland, R., 122; J. H. Rooney, D., 117; A. E. Foster, P., 6.

Justice of the Peace—A. W. Colegrove, R., 182, D., 36.

Councilmen—J. C. Backus, R., 168, D., 30; G. H. Denning, R., 177, D., 30; E. W. Strong, P., 50.

School Directors—J. B. Eastman, R., 101; Sandford L. Fry, R., 111; John Clark, D., 102; John N. Apple, D., 47; Oscar Engstrom, P., 28.

Auditor—J. A. Swanson, R., 113, P., 5; Wade Burdick, D., 108.

Collector—R. C. Gleason, R., 168, D., 13, P., 17.

Judge of Election—A. H. Kidder, R., 163; Geo. Barber, D., 54; N. M. Day, P., 30.

Inspectors of Election—L. K. Hogarth, R., 109; E. T. Day, D., 128.

Subscribe for the MINER.

BRADFORD BOWLERS BEATEN.

"Big Five" Defeat—Oil Metropolis Bowlers but Lose Again to "Little Five."

A party of Bradford bowlers, accompanied by their wives and representing the Bradford Country Club, came over here last Thursday evening to give the "Big Five" a try out and pass a pleasant social evening. A number of Smethport ladies were present and helped entertain the visitors during the games which were played on the Backus alleys.

The home team had the best of the match from start to finish, perhaps because they were more familiar with the alleys, and won all three games, having a lead of 158 pins in the three games. The following tabulated score shows who did it and how it was done:

BRADFORD.	1st	2nd	3rd	Totals
Willis	148	157	169	474
Purple	142	138	128	408
Schoonmaker	146	197	120	453
Lowry	174	148	168	490
Lowe	167	138	161	566
Totals	777	768	746	2291

SMETHPORT.	1st	2nd	3rd	Totals
Lee	152	181	157	590
Redfield	206	158	163	528
Allen	209	164	169	542
McCoy	142	180	148	431
Purtle	143	141	164	465
Totals	853	780	812	2444

When the bowling match was over it was announced that a little spread was awaiting the party at the Commercial Hotel, which is conducted by Thomas Hilander Purtle and his estimable wife. The party that took advantage of this opportunity to satisfy the inner man numbered twenty-seven and all are as one in saying that it was as pleasant and happy a little dinner party as ever gathered around a festive board to break bread.

Mrs. Purtle thoroughly believes in satisfying the hunger of her guests as the menu will indicate. It consisted of friconsee chicken, hot biscuits with dressing, meat loaf, Waldorf salad, cabbage salad, celery, olives, mince pie, assorted cake, cheese and coffee, and the fact that Mrs. Purtle superintended the cooking is sufficient assurance that everything was of the best.

When the cake and coffee was reached several of the guests were called upon to make short speeches or tell good stories by Captain Redfield and a very pleasant and entertaining social hour was spent, and when the time came to retire all felt that it had been an evening well spent.

Again on Saturday evening the "Little Five" put the cleaner on the "Big Five" in a very interesting contest, beating them by a total score of 2630 to 2513 or 117 pins in all. The "Little Five" won the first game by 62 pins, lost the second by 32 pins and won the third by 87 pins. The following tabulated score shows that both teams did some good work and that Smethport has a number of high rollers:

"BIG FIVE."	1st	2nd	3rd	Totals
McCoy	150	153	181	483
Redfield, H.	189	161	172	522
Lee	128	147	155	430
Allen	148	183	146	477
Purtle	205	216	180	601
Total	820	859	834	2513

"LITTLE FIVE."	1st	2nd	3rd	Totals
McClure	184	187	166	538
Backus, F.	182	127	179	489
Lyle	200	169	291	590
Redfield, S.	150	165	185	500
Holder	166	159	189	514
Total	882	827	921	2630

Violaters of Game Laws.

It has been reported to us several times in the past few weeks by various different parties that the game laws are being shamelessly violated in this vicinity and that some of these law breakers are getting so bold about it that they hand out the illegally killed game to friends in a very open way.

The writer was informed a few days ago that two of the alleged sportsmen (more properly called game hogs) have been killing partridges and rabbits all winter and that it was almost a certainty that they had been running deer with a hound after the season closed.

We can't understand what our constables and game wardens in this section are thinking of when they do not at least make a reasonable effort to apprehend these violaters of the game laws. We understand some of these officials have been repeatedly informed that this illegal hunting has been going on and yet they have made no effort to capture and punish the guilty parties according to law. This is a duty they should not neglect and we hope to hear of this matter receiving some attention in the very near future.

We were informed of this state of affairs some time ago but refrained from mentioning it, with the understanding that the proper officers were going to make a determined effort to get evidence against these offenders and bring them to justice. If these officers do not attempt to bring these people to justice the true sportsmen will take a hand and see what they can do with the State Game Commission.

The Bell Oil & Gas Co.

An application for a charter for The Bell Oil & Gas Company was made this week, and the new company will start active operations in the Wyoming field in the near future. At a meeting held this week it was finally decided to capitalize this company at $100,000 and the following officers were chosen: Samuel E. Bell of Smethport, president; H. J. Walter of Kane, vice president; R. E. Burdick of Smethport, secretary and treasurer. Directors: Edgar A. Taylor of Buffalo, N. R. Bard of Port Allegany, O. J. Hamlin, R. E. Burdick, S. E. Bell of Smethport, A. P. Huey, F. E. Ulf, H. J. Walter of Kane, and F. E. Baldwin of Austin. Craig Rose of Binghamton and L. J. Reznor of Port Allegany comprise the other stockholders in the company.

This new company starts off with excellent prospects of a very bright future in the oil business. While on a trip West recently Mr. Bell secured leases covering 15,950 acres of land in Big Horn county, Wyoming, and much of this land is right in the heart of the new oil field which is being opened up in that section. One lease of 240 acres is abutting on a lease on which there is a well that is good for 250 barrels a day and another lease of about 1000 acres is adjoining a lease on which a good well has just been drilled in.

The oil found in the Big Horn district is high grade and is said to be about the same grade of oil as is found in the Bradford field, which is much better than most of the petroleum found in the West.

The home offices of this company will be at Smethport and the field offices will be in Cody, Wyoming. All business of importance will be transacted at the home office and all meetings, except one which will be held in the Cody office, will be held in Smethport. Mr. Bell will be the general manager of the company and expects to leave in a short time for Wyoming to commence operations.

John Benjamin Barber.

Mr. John Benjamin Barber died on Wednesday afternoon about one o'clock at the residence of his son Harry on East Main street.

Mr. Barber was born in London, England, July 6th, 1835, and came to this country when a baby. Mr. Barber has been in poor health for some time and for the past few days has been confined to the house. Mr. Barber has been a resident of this place for the past four years and since the death of Mrs. Barber in May, 1906, has made his home with his son. There are six children as follows: James W. Barber of Cleveland, Ohio; Benjamin and George Barber of New Castle; Harry Barber of Smethport, Mrs. Thomas Camp and Mrs. John Walker of Smethport. He also leaves two brothers, Christopher and Johnson Barber of New Castle, and two sisters, Mrs. Anna Emery and Mrs. Lizzie Shelar both of New Castle.

Mr. Barber's residence in this town was not of long duration and during this time his health was not such as to justify much activity either in church or other lines of work, though he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and also a member the Masons and of the I. O. O. F. He was a man of bright and sunny disposition and one who made many friends, and the memory of his life will linger with those who were near to him as a delightful remembrance.

A brief funeral service was held from the house on Thursday morning in charge of the Rev. W. A. Harris, and attended by the Masons. The body was taken on the noon train to New Castle, Pa., where the funeral will be held on Saturday.

H.

A. W. Colegrove Breaks Arm.

Justice of the Peace A. W. Colegrove fell and broke his right arm an inch or two below the shoulder joint yesterday morning. He went up to the barn to feed and take care of his dog and when he tried to open the sliding door he found that it was clogged up by the snow and ice which had made everything extremely slippery. He reached down for a large stick to pry open the door and in so doing fell in such a manner as to fracture the member as above described.

Mr. Colegrove got up and went to the house where he summoned a physician who reduced the fracture and made him as comfortable as possible. Mr. Colegrove's many friends wish him a speedy recovery.

The Great

Italian Earthquake will be shown in moving pictures at the Star on Thursday and Friday afternoon and evening. Also a set of slides showing the conditions of the country before the earthquake. Don't miss this great picture. Admission 5 and 10 cents. Open at 3:30 and 7 p. m.

Horses for Sale.

10 horses for sale drivers and workers. Inquire of J. T. Edwards at the fair grounds or of A. T. Palmer at Palmer's Livery, 201 Water street, Smethport.

Give the MINER Job Printing Department a trial.

OVER 300 PEOPLE BURNED TO DEATH.

Caught in a Mexican Theatre They Couldn't Get Out.

FILM OF A PICTURE ON FIRE.

Blaze Spread Rapidly and the Audience, in a Panic, Was in a Trap From which there was no Escape—No Americans Lost—The Affair it to be Investigated.

A dispatch from Mexico City, dated Feb. 10, says: Latest advises from Acapulco give the number of dead at the Flores theatre horror at over 300. The Flores theatre was crowded with a Sunday night crowd of 1,000 persons when fire started and a panic ensued.

The theatre was a wooden structure and the fire spread with great rapidity. There was comparatively little smoke and as a result the victims were roasted alive where they were caught in a jam that could not be broken. The screams of the burning people were terrifying and could be heard a long distance. Firemen and citizens quickly gathered at the scene but it was absolutely impossible to render aid.

No such calamity has ever been known in that city in its history and the populance is greatly wrought up over the inadequate means provided at the theatre for dismissing an audience in a case of emergency.

At the theatre a special performance was being given in honor of the Governor and one part of the program was a moving picture exhibition. The film of the picture caught fire and at once the blaze was communicated to bunting and other inflammable material.

President Diaz has ordered a thorough investigation to ascertain who was responsible for the holocaust.

The news of the horror was delayed until yesterday because of the destruction of the telegraph office which was located near the theatre.

Reports to the effect that several Americans had perished in the fire have been contradicted.

Brings Suit for $100,000.

Attorney L. B. Seibert has brought a $100,000 action against T. J. Lawler, on the charge of interference with contract. Both gentlemen are residents of the town.

The amount of money mentioned is the largest sum ever involved in any case brought before the Common Pleas court here. The principle of law in the case has never been decided in Pennsylvania, but has in some other states.

It appears that some years ago, M. T. Seibert, father of L. B. Seibert, purchased from Frank Phelps a piece of land at Ludona on which there was an exceptionally good spring. Mr. Seibert claims that the full amount of the purchase price of the land was paid Mr. Phelps by his father.

On March 1, 1908, Mr. Seibert made a deal with some New York City men to sell them water from this spring at one-half cent per gallon, the contract to be enacted July 1, 1908, and to continue in force for a period of twenty consecutive years, the company to take not less than $5000 worth of water each year.

Before the New York gentlemen would sign a contract they insisted upon seeing a clear title to the land and spring. When Mr. Seibert went to Mr. Phelps to secure his signature to such a document, he was informed by that gentleman that he could not give it to him as Mr. Lawler had an interest in the land and spring.

This, therefore, prevented Mr. Seibert from carrying through his proposed deal and he having the opinion that Mr. Lawler did not have a right to interfere with his operation, has brought suit for the amount stated in foregoing paragraph, which would be the aggregate sum realized for the sale of the water during the twenty year period.—Potter Democrat.

Smethport Wins from Eldred.

The Smethport High School basketball team played their second game of the season with a similar team of Eldred at that place Tuesday evening and the game resulted in a victory by a very narrow margin for the Smethport team, the score being 26 to 27.

Eldred had the best of it in the first half but when their visitors got down to work and accustomed to the hall they are said to have played almost a perfect game. In the second half Eldred did not make a basket except on fouls while Smethport scored 15 points.

Eldred is the home of good basketball players and it is a great victory for our high school team to win from them on their own ground.

I have removed my stock of merchandise into the D. C. Young store building where I shall be pleased to greet my old customers and also welcome new ones. MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB MEETS.

They Lose the World that do Buy It With Too Much Care.

There is an ancient saying that those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. This is but another way of stating that men in their blindness and folly destroy themselves and that the results of such a life are no part of God's work. The task which God has set before himself is that of making men glad and if He fails in this it is not really He that fails but man, who lacks the qualities and the motives that are essential to the success of God's purposes. God's task begins in the preparation of a world that speaks to us, and that calls us to be glad hearted and loving hearted. It is therefore ordained that all things shall work together for good to them that love—love God and truth and humanity. The world is all that He intended it should be, a thing to help us and to bless us with its manifold and mutual ministries. He that hath eyes to see shall see for

"The poem hangs on the berry-bush
When comes the poet's eye,
And the whole world is a masquerade
When Shakespeare passes by."

All the light that pours over the earth with each new morn is powerless against the shuttered window that would bar the day. It is so in life. God sends out life and truth and here is all humanity with whose tasks we may unite our love and our service. But the soul that bars itself against the day's white splendor must still live in a world that is dark and hateful. Such ever sit

"By the poison'd springs of life,
Waiting for the morrow which shall
free them from the strife."

It remains that the world that we live in is the world of our own making. We fashion it in strength and beauty in the measure that our thoughts and feelings and purposes are day by day wrought in truth and in love. There is an essential completeness of self that must meet the completeness of God. He has made his universe good and we must make our universe good too. One of the poets has said this

"I swear the earth shall be complete
To him or her who shall be complete;
The earth remains jagged and broken
Only to him who remains jagged and
broken."

The Smethport Chautauqua Circle is composed of women who believe in helping God make their world large and beautiful and joyous. They believe in a finished self but not in a finished selfishness. They seek the aid of those liberal studies "which delight at home and hinder not abroad" and which contribute to that perfection of self which makes even God and the universe complete for us. Something over two years ago the Circle began the study of Shakespeare and since then their work has been wholly with this the greatest of poets who steps forth as

"A priest to all
Of the wonder and bloom of the world."

Apart from the masterful words recorded in the Scriptures, the world's literature finds its highest expression in Shakespeare. Like Odin of old Shakespeare seems to have drank from Mimer's well of wisdom. During these two years of study the Circle has enjoyed a privilege which is well summed up in the lines of an English writer of the present day

"Lord of all moods and passions of the
the soul,
Whose fame abides unrivalled through
the years;
Poet supreme, whose masterful control
Exhausts the record of our hopes and
fears,
Beauty waylaid thy steps from day to
day,
Grandeur dwelt with thee in the
starry night;
While in the human mind no secret lay
Which could elude thy keen and
searching sight.
Oh that a human brow a crown should
wear,
Which, angels view with awe, and
mortals with dispair."

On Monday evening the Circle made a change from the regular order of its meetings and held a social evening in the chapel of the Methodist Episcopal church. There were present, including the members of the Circle and some invited guests, about thirty persons. The chapel was prettily decorated. One of the features of the evening was a banquet which was very daintily planned and served by Misses Carrie Day, Mabel Day, Miss Richards and Miss Scott.

Mrs. L. K. Hogarth presided over the intellectual destinies of the occasion and presented the following program:

Mrs. D. L. Forsythe gave brief address sketching the history of the Circle since its organization in 1890. The name of the organization is The Normandy Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. Miss Mabel Todd sang The Heart of Gold. Miss Hewitt read one of the scenes from the Merchant of Venice. Mrs. E. R. Mayo read the dagger scene from Macbeth. Miss Todd and Mrs. Guy McCoy gave a musical version of Romeo and Juliet which was so delightfully done and so greatly enjoyed that it was repeated by request later in the evening. It is not to be doubted that if the "immortal William" had been present and listened to this rendering of one of his most famous plays he would have been glad that he was there. Miss Leona Hogarth gave several piano solos during the evening. Miss Todd and Mrs. McCoy sang the Scotch song Max Welton Braes.

The evening slipped away all too swiftly to remain as a pleasant memory to all who were there. When the Circle again gives itself and its friends a social evening, may we, like the friends of the immortal John Gilpin, "be there to see."

A GUEST.

The Farmer and the Roll-Top Desk.

Last week, writes William Atherton Du Puy in the February Circle magazine, I met a man who had lived next to my father's when we were boys together in the old stipated days. I was surprised to learn that he was still on the farm, for his air was that of the successful business man knowing thoroughly his relation to the outside world. I talked to him of the affairs of the old farm, and he told me of its transformation. In summing up, he said:

"We have been driven to business methods by the new conditions, and now we are blessing the cranks that forced us. We have found that the most effective farm implement that we can buy is the roll-top desk. It regulates our crops, indicates those that are profitable, eliminates those that are not, sells to advantage, and is making fortunes for us. It has established itself on the farm, and is there to stay. Those who adopted it first have now added an automobile. Those without it are being eliminated from the calculation, for profitable farming these days requires a business method of procedure."

The Department of Agriculture is removing the bugaboo from the matter of bookkeeping. It has devised a single book that will keep the records of the farm with relation to the outside world and which may be mastered in fifteen minutes. Men in the department started out on the hypothesis that bookkeeping was the merest common sense and could be rid of all its technicalities and complications. The invention of the new system was the result. Professor Spillman urged it on a certain farmer in Missouri in whose operations he was financially interested. The farmer was fifty-three years old, and protested that he was past the age of learning new tricks. The demonstrator, however, began copying the records of the farm into the new book, and the farmer watched. In half an hour he had mastered it and a year later declared that for his own use he would not take five hundred dollars for it. A bulletin is now in course of preparation that will offer to put the new book into the hands of every farmer in the country who is sufficiently interested to ask for it.

Wilbur Lillibridge Dead.

The community was shocked by the news that Wilbur Lillibridge, the popular mail carrier on R. F. D. No. 8, had died at Buffalo, where he was being taken for treatment for injuries from his fall last week. His death took place after arriving in Buffalo, but before reaching the hospital. The accident that caused his death took place last week Thursday. He was on a load in the barn throwing down some straw when he slipped on it and fell to the floor, a distance of less than eight feet. Drs. McGranor and Cook were summoned and found that his hip was fractured in a very serious break. He must also have been internally injured, as his condition kept getting worse. As a last resort it was decided to take him to the Buffalo hospital, but it was too late and he died before reaching there.

Undertaker Wallace took charge of the remains, and they were shipped here for burial on Thursday noon. The funeral is held from the home on Lillibridge Creek this afternoon, the Rev. H. A. Reed officiating. Mr. Lillibridge is known by almost everyone here and in the vicinity, and had a large number of feiends and acquaintances who are sincerely grieved over his untimely death. Wilbur Lillibridge was about 58 years of age at his death, and was born on the same farm where he was living at the time of his death. He has lived here about all his life, and was the eldest son of Elias Lillibridge, who was the oldest male white child born in Liberty township. He is survived by his wife, one son, Prof. Charles Lillibridge of the Eldred high school, and the daughter who is at home. He was a rural mail carrier for about three years at the local post-office.—Port Allegany Argus.

Snow Goods for Sale

at rock bottom prices. One set surrey bob sleds; one set 8-seat bob sleighs; one set Dinkey bobs with pole or shafts; three good 2nd-hand Portland cutters; five new Portland cutters; two handy business cutters.

We want the room these goods occupy and will make very close prices for quick delivery.

A. T. PALMER.

For Sale.

Some household furniture, cheap. No place to store it. Call at

DR. PIERCE'S Office.

Won by a Turnout.

By RUTH CAMPBELL.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

With a derisive honk the car shot past the pedestrians and vanished in a cloud of dust. Dorothy Stanford regarded it angrily and stamped her foot.

"That's the third time he's done that thing. I believe he's doing it on purpose. If he passes us again I'll"—

What she would do was not told, for at that instant there sounded another warning, and now a gray car shot past in pursuit of the red.

"They have a right to the road," defended Lawrence Mayling indulgently. He could afford to be generous to a defeated foe, since Dolly had eschewed automobiles and had taken to pedestrianism.

Mayling had no car, but he was a good walker and the holder of the distance championship which was contested every Saturday.

The Marathon races had roused the local love of athletics, wherefore the distance runner and the distance walker were the local heroes.

This had given Larry Mayling his chance with Dolly, for his long legs car-

"YOU RISKED YOUR LIFE FOR HIS," FINISHED DOLLY, PROUDLY.

ried him over the ground at a splendid speed, and he left all others far behind.

All summer, with Dudley Blount and Paul Frazer contending for Dolly's favor, he had seen little of her. She had loved the swift, easy motion of the high powered cars, and she had been unable to resist their charms. But since the athletic fad had struck Chesterton the owners of cars were decidedly out of it.

Not alone were they regarded as persons too lazy to use nature's own means of locomotion, but in addition they got themselves very much disliked by speeding past pedestrian parties and raising a dust that made walking unpleasant.

"They should be kept off the course at least," said Dolly severely. "The roads are for the people and not merely for a few selfish persons who have money enough to buy cars."

Mayling smiled, but said nothing. Not so long ago Dolly had protested against the deliberate fashion in which pedestrians occupied the road to the annoyance of autoists.

Now the shoe pinched the other foot, and she had changed her opinions. There might, after all, be a chance to win her hand before the walking fad died.

The situation was not due to the fact that Mayling cared for Dolly while she did not care for him, but Stephen Stanford, Dolly's father, had made a fortune in Chesterton, and Mayling argued that the easiest way to win a fortune was to marry one.

With the coming of the athletic craze he had seen his opportunity to win, and he had pressed his advantage hard. Now he was trysting Dolly for the ladies' race, which was to be a feature of the coming week's sports, and he was making the most of his opportunities.

Blount and Frazer, whom he chose to regard as his disappointed rivals, persisted in running their cars over the triangular course on which the races were to be tried, and Dolly waxed more and more angry each time the cars passed them with the "honk" that was capable of so many interpretations.

What made it worse was that she really cared for Dudley Blount, and she was both hurt and angry at the calm fashion in which he had abandoned all effort to win her favor when she had decided that walking was the thing.

Dolly had expected that he would make some fight against the new fad, but instead he had laughed when she urged him to take up the exercise.

"You would do well to leave the car in the garage for a while," she counseled. "Walking is good for you."

"I get plenty of that when the car breaks down," he reminded her. "I guess I'll stick to wheels, Dolly, and let you do the walking."

Dolly had shrugged her shoulders to show her indifference, but she was none the less hurt and angry and proceeded to show marked interest in Mayling in order to teach Blount a lesson that he seemed too indifferent to learn.

As Frazer's red car passed them for about the tenth time in their circuit of the course Dolly had a sudden inspiration.

"Mr. Blount in his gray car cannot be far behind," she said. "Let us pretend that we do not hear and make him take the side of the road instead."

"Do you think that he will?" asked Mayling uneasily.

"Of course he will turn out," said Dolly confidently. "He won't try to run us down, and when he sees that we do not intend to move out he will have to turn."

She smiled radiantly at the idea, but found no answering smile on her escort's face. Mayling went white to the lips at the thought of what might happen were the plan to miscarry.

He did not think of the girl, only of himself, for Mayling despite his athletic prowess was no moral hero.

He was not afraid to fight. Indeed, he rather welcomed the opportunity, for he was reasonably certain to knock out his man, but to walk with one's back to an auto and to dare a rival to keep on were not at all to his liking.

When the faint humming of the motor told of the coming of the gray racer Dolly smiled delightedly. Noticing signs of a bolt on the part of her companion as the frantic sounding of the horn told that Blount was near, she caught at his coat.

In an ecstasy of fear Mayling threw off her hold and dashed for the side of the road just as Blount, to avoid an accident, took chances on the roadside.

Mayling ran directly into the path of the auto, and then, with another quick twist of the steering wheel, Blount threw the car at the stone fence.

The next instant there was the sound of exploding tires, and the driver was thrown heavily to the frozen ground.

He lay still and white, and with a little cry of terror Dolly ran to his side. Tenderly she raised his head into her lap and with her handkerchief stanched the flow of blood from the cut in his forehead, while Mayling stood wonderingly by.

"Can't you go for a doctor?" she asked when at last she looked up. "If you had done as I told you it would have been all right, but you had to run at the wrong moment for all the world like a scared chicken. I thought that athletics made men brave, but I was wrong. It seems to make them foolish. That action of Mr. Blount's was braver than anything you ever dared think of."

"I guess I won't need a doctor, Dolly," murmured the injured man. "That is all the tonic I need. It would have been all right if you had kept to the road; but when Mayling ran directly in my path I"—

"You risked your life for his," finished Dolly proudly. "Dudley, you were splendid."

"I guess I had better get a carriage anyhow," said Mayling sheepishly as he started for the town. The scene was not to his liking.

The two beside the road did not even seem to realize that he was gone, for in each other's eyes they read the old, old story and found it delightfully new. Blount had won by a furlong out. His ruined car and aching head were forgotten.

The Soft Answer.

He—Artists say that five feet four is the divine height for women. His Darling (coyly)—You know, I am five feet nine. He (quickly)—You are more than divine, my dear.

Lawn catch flies and let hornets go free.—Anacharsis.

THE POOR WHIFFLETIT.

And the Low Down Trick by Which It Is Subdued.

Seating himself at a restaurant table, a Chicago man said:

"Waiter, what kind of fish have you?"

"Oh," said the waiter, "all kinds—whitefish, bluefish, grayling, sea bass, weakfish, perch"—

"Pshaw!" yawned the customer. "Cut that out. I'm tired of those common fishes. Ain't you got some new kind of fish—some kind I never ate before?"

"Well," said the waiter, "the whiffletits is very fine this morning."

"What in thunder is a whiffletit?"

"Why, doesn't a fish sharp like you know what a whiffletit is? Common enough here. You see, the whiffletit lives only in circular lakes. You go out and find a circular lake and hire a boat. Then you row out all alone to the middle of the lake, about a mile or so, and anchor. Then you take an augur and bore a hole in the water and bait it by putting a piece of cheese on the edge of the hole. The whiffletit comes up to get the cheese, eats it, and it makes him swell up so that he can't back down the hole."

"Well," said the customer, breathless, "what then?"

"Why," replied the waiter as he filled a glass of water, "you lean over the side of the boat and laugh the whiffletit to death. Want a few?"—Cleveland Leader.

Why He Saved Them.

For weeks upon weeks the heavy rains descended upon the holiday resort of Lakeswash, and the proprietor of the Punt and Puntpole was looking very blue. Indeed, those two straw-hatted, miserable looking objects out in the Lakeswash canoe were the only visitors of the season. The hotel proprietor gloomily watched their clumsy endeavors to navigate their tiny craft. Suddenly, plop, splosh! "Help!" In a moment the hotel proprietor had changed from a sluggish do-nothing to a frenzied rescuer. Putting out rapidly in a boat, he succeeded in reaching the terrified man just at the critical moment.

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" they cried as they scrambled into the boat.

"Don't thank me!" growled the hotel keeper. "Thank the weather! Visitors is so scarce this year we can't afford to let even the fools drown! I did it for your board and lodging!"—London Answers.

The Suicide Symphony.

The idea that music may be harmful—that it can create a fever in the blood dangerous to life and reason—will come as a revelation to many. Friedrich Nietzsche, the well known German philosopher, declares that there is something in some music, most notable in Wagner and Tschaikowsky, which acts unfavorably on the brain and nerves of many people. Tschaikowsky's baleful influence cannot be denied. He destroyed himself after composing his famous "Sixth Symphony," and, as several have died by their own hand after playing it, it has come to be known as the "suicide symphony."

Innocent.

Mrs. Knicker—How did you know your husband was working down in the office? Mrs. Youngbride—I telephoned, and central said: "Busy."—New York Sun.

The Shillalah.

The shillalah owes its name to the fact that the finest specimens thereof used to be grown in the pleasant groves of trees that formerly flourished in the barony of Shillalagh, in County Wicklow. The best shillalah must be a root sprung sapling, for one taken from the branches of a full grown tree would lack the necessary toughness. Being trimmed and "brought to hand," the young stick undergoes preparatory discipline by being placed in the chimney to season, thus becoming early accustomized to the hot work in store for it. This part of the curriculum finished, it is rubbed until completely saturated with oil, after which it is securely wrapped in a stout sheet of brown paper and buried in a convenient hotbed. At this stage of its development it is an object of unending watchfulness on the part of its proprietor, who to forestall any detrimental warp in the object of his care visits it daily, correcting any youthful tendency to depart from a straight line and ultimately securing as straight a bit of timber as heart could desire.—New York Tribune.

Hot Scotch.

The young wife dipped the ladle into the porridge and smiled inquiringly at the overnight guest.

"Will you have some hot Scotch, Mr. Dash?" she asked.

Dash laughed.

"Hot Scotch? Where is it?" said he.

"Why, here, of course," said the young wife in a perplexed tone. "Didn't you know that oatmeal is called hot Scotch?"

"Er—I"—Dash stammered, and then the young husband caught his eye, and he was silent.

"I didn't know it myself till last year," she explained. "I heard George inviting his cousin over the telephone to meet him at the office and have a hot Scotch. I didn't know what hot Scotch was till you told me, did I, George?"

George, very red, answered huskily: "No, my dear."

Laughing at her own ignorance, the lady proceeded to serve the thick, pale hot Scotch.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Vicissitudes of a Picture.

The vicissitudes of Leonardo da Vinci's picture, "Last Supper," reminds a correspondent of the strange experiences of Holbein's "Field of the Cloth of Gold," which may be seen any day at Hampton Court palace. After the downfall of Charles I. Cromwell in order to raise funds proposed the sale of certain pictures, this among the number. The bargain was already made, but when the would be purchaser came to inspect Holbein's masterpiece he discovered that the head of Henry VII. had been cut from the canvas. He naturally withdrew his offer, and the picture was preserved to the nation. On the restoration a nobleman confessed to having committed the theft for love of art and his country, and he returned the missing head, which now occupies its original position in the canvas. The circle made by the knife is still plainly visible.—London Chronicle.

Nothing.

"Nature plans well for mankind's needs."

"I should say so. What could be more convenient than ears to hook spectacles over?"—Washington Herald.

F. A. GREEN

The Leading Miller.

Dealer in

Flour, Feed, Grain, Grass Seeds, Hay, Etc.

Poultry Supplies of all Kinds

Agent for Blachford's Calf Meal. Prices right.

GIVE ME A CALL.

F. A. GREEN

INSURANCE!

"IT is better to have IT, and not need IT, than to need IT, and not have IT."

Insure your life in the Equitable.

Insure your property in

C. A. BURDICK'S Insurance Agency.

Fire, Life, Accidental, Automobile, Boiler, Burglary INSURANCE, and Surety bonds placed in Reliable Companies.

Call, Telephone or Write.

C. A. BURDICK.

Bell Phone 18-B Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING

AND

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

Full line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,

Smethport, Pa.

H. A. MELDRUM CO.

The Great Muslinwear Sales and Sales of White

are now under way, at Buffalo's big popular department store, with the most lavish displays since this business began! **Mountains of Fresh, Dainty Muslin Underwear**—made under conditions of absolute purity—**White Hills of Linens, Cottons, Lace Curtains**—White Silks, Embroideries, Laces, Long Cloths, White Dress Goods—every kind of White Fabric—in plenteous assortment and **the lowest prices in 10 years!**

The **Mill Remnant** Sale offers wonderful chances to save money during the months of January and February.

Fares refunded to out-of-towners. Shop by mail if you prefer.

H. A. MELDRUM CO. 460-470 Main St. Buffalo

WHY IS IT?

That each month in all the best homes in this country, on the library table, and in every club reading room, you find the

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

It is because it keeps you in touch with those great public and human movements on which the American family depends.

It is because its stories are the best published anywhere.

It is because its illustrations in color, and black and white, set the standard.

It is because its articles are the most vital and interesting.

It is because there is something in each copy for every member of every American family.

A YEAR'S FEAST

1800 Beautiful Illustrations. 1560 Pages of Reading Matter
85 Complete Stories. 75 Good Poems.
50 Timely and Important Articles.
1000 Paragraphs presenting the big news of the "World at Large."
120 Humorous Contributions.
Wonderful Color Work, presented in frontispieces, inserts and covers.

All Yours for One Year's Subscription to

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Price $1.50 per Year or 15 Cents a Copy

The Publisher of the McKEAN COUNTY MINER has make a special arrangement with THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE by which they are enabled to offer the following extraordinary bargain:

The cost of one year's subscription to THE METROPOLITAN is $1.50. The cost of one year's subscription to the MINER is $1.25. We offer both for $1.65.

Address all communications to

McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

A Bold Step.

To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent to the use of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medicines for domestic use, and so has published broadcast and openly to the whole world, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into the composition of his widely celebrated medicines. Thus he has taken his numerous patrons and patients into his full confidence. Thus too he had removed his medicines from among secret nostrums of doubtful merits, and made them Remedies of Known Composition.

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that his formulas are of such excellence that he is not afraid to subject them to the fullest scrutiny.

Not only does the Wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, bad liver or biliousness and all catarrhal diseases wherever located, have printed upon it in plain English, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card or by letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this little book it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, narcotics, mineral agents or other poisonous or injurious agents and that they are made from native, medicinal roots of great value; also that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, over-worked, "run-down," nervous and debilitated women, were employed, long years ago, by the Indians for similar ailments affecting their squaws. In fact, one of the most valuable medicinal plants entering into the composition of Dr Pierce's Favorite Prescription was known to the Indians as "Squaw-Weed." Our knowledge of the uses of but a few of our most valuable native medicinal plants was gained from the Indians.

As made up by improved and exact processes, the "Favorite Prescription" is a most efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, antevorsion and retroversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

THE BIG STORE.

I have secured the agency for the

FULLER ELECTRIC GAS LIGHT,

the best Gas Light sold, equal to six of any other kind and burns only half as much gas. Once fifty complete, call and see them. Also have a full line of Mantles, Globes and Burners for all others.

NEW STOCK OF GAS RANGES AND HEATERS.

HARDWARE, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE.

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 11, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Miss Ada Calkins has moved into the rooms in the Ford building next to this office.

—Ginghams and wash goods are advertised by Fry & Comes in their space this week.

—The borough council of Mansfield has decided to purchase the water works of that town.

—The Sunny South Co. drew a large crowd at Port Allegany last week and it said that the audience was highly pleased with the performance.

—Edward Causer, aged about 70 years, died at his home near Bartville on Wednesday of last week. He was one of the oldest settlers of that vicinity.

—The J. H. Mann home in Oramel, N. Y., one of the prettiest places in the Genesee valley, was sold on Friday to G. N. Cole, through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar.

—The United States Treasury Department is looking for a man named James Moloy who lived in Ridgway in 1880. Considerable interest money on bonds is due Mr. Moloy and that department is anxious to find him.

—The Backus & Kamler meat market at 325 West State street, in Olean, has been recently sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to William J. Dolan of Bolivar. Mr. Dolan will take charge of the business March first.

—The dogs of Foster township, this county, have all been quarantined for a period of 100 days, owing to the fact that the dogs of that vacinity are believed to have been recently exposed to the disease known as hydrophobia or rabies.

—The case of Colcord vs. Stokes for $25,000 damages will be heard at the civil term of court to be held in Coudersport the first week in March. Both parties are getting their witnesses together and will make a fight for it before Judge Ormerod.

—A few months ago the papers throughout the country reported the death of Hi Henry. Now the Lock Haven Express says: Hi Henry, the well-known minstrel man, was united in marriage to Dr. Anna Millard Lock on Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1908. The ceremony was solemnized at Nashua, N. H., an announcement having been received in this city to that effect.

—The Ridgway Brick Company's large plant has been purchased by Boston capitalists who will operate the plant at its present location.

—Twelve-year-old Mrytle McQuarrie of Titusville is at the City hospital in a precarious condition, the result of chewing gum containing strychnine, which a stranger gave the child, while returning from school. No trace of the culprit can be found and no reason is known for his action.

—Two jurymen on a case at Wellsboro, whom it was alleged drank with the defendant in an assault and battery case, were censured by Judge Cameron. One of the men paid a fine of $10; the other juror and the man who brought them liquor were held for a later hearing in the sum of $300 bail.

—M. M. Hill, an oiler in the Goodyear mill at Medix Run, lost one hand Saturday, when the member was caught by a friction wheel. The severed hand fell at the feet of Mr. Hill, who displayed great nerve by grasping hold of the wrist from which the hand was severed and walking to the office of a surgeon.—Potter Democrat.

—The town lot drilling fever has not abated in the least and people are still continuing to drill on town lots. The last monthly oil report shows that there were 15 wells drilled within the city limits of Bradford, increasing the Pennsylvania production 34 barrels a day. The smallest well was one barrel and the largest five. At the present time there are 20 wells drilling within the city limits, and there are several rigs about completed.—Herald.

—The famous oil well-known as the Dos Bocas, near Mexico City, which for months shot a column of flame and smoke into the air for many hundred of feet, has turned into a geyser, and fears are entertained that eventually the well which for so long has furnished a grand spectacle of the powers of nature, may become an active volcano. Recently, in addition to the great volume of boiling water which is lifted heavenward at a rate of 25,000 gallons each 24 hours, a large quantity of volcanic stone was thrown out.

This is just the time of year when you are most likely to have kidney or bladder trouble, with rheumatism and rheumatic pains caused by weak kidneys. Delays are dangerous. Get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and be sure you get what you ask for. They are the best pills made for backache, weak back urinary disorders, inflamation of the bladder, etc. They are antiseptic—and act promptly. We sell and recommend them. H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Read, Clermont.

He Was Very Charitable.

Among the features of a charity bazaar held in London was a refreshment stall, to which charitable donors contributed supplies, thus enabling all the takings to represent clear profits. The lady in charge requested a gift for this purpose from a well known and wealthy gentleman in the city, but one not famous for "parting." To her surprise she received next day a note to the effect that he was sending her a sirloin of beef and two ox tongues.

The same morning the lady happened to go to her butcher (who was also the butcher of Mr. X.), and, after giving him a large order for her stall, asked him if he would like himself to give anything.

"I should very much, ma'am," replied the worthy tradesman, "but I yesterday gave to Mr. X., at his request for this purpose, a sirloin of beef and three ox tongues."

Net gain to Mr. X.: One ox tongue and a cheap reputation for charity!—London Standard.

St. Augustine and His Flower.

St. Augustine of Hippo, the great doctor of the church, whose festival falls on Aug. 28, is a sadly neglected saint among modern ritualists and even occasionally confused with his namesake, who insulted the British bishops. Yet he is pronounced by Hooker "without any equal" and regarded by Harnack as "the first modern man." He has been better honored in the floral world, for to him is dedicated the goldenrod, or woundwort (Solidago virgaurea). Old Gerard, with whom this was a favorite remedy, tells us that goldenrod fetched a high price as a foreign herb until discovered growing near London, when the plant was neglected. He adds the caustic comment, "This verifieth our English proverb, 'Far fetcht and dear bought is best for ladies,' or for fantastical physitions." Before tobacco the goldenrod also furnished snuff for our mediæval forefathers.—Westminister Gazette.

It Did Not Work.

Mr. Sanbury and his wife were on the point of moving to another flat. Both of them were anxious that the transfer should be made at the least possible expense and the nearness of the new home promised materially to further this aim.

"I can carry loads of little things over in my brown bag," announced Mrs. Sanbury, "and you can take books and so on in your big satchel."

In discussing further the matter of transportation Mrs. Sanbury remarked that notwithstanding the heat she could wear her winter coat over, leave it and return for her spring coat. The idea charmed her impractical husband.

"Why, I can do the same thing!" he said. "I'll wear over one suit and then come back for another!"—Youth's Companion.

Hard on the Messenger.

Tommy had been spanked by Miss Manners, his first grade teacher, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of all his naughtiness.

"Send him to me when you want him spanked," said Miss Manners one morning after her colleague had related his many misdemeanors.

About 11 o'clock Tommy appeared at Miss Manners' door. She dropped her book, grasped him firmly by the hand, led him to the dressing room, turned him over her knee and administered punishment.

When she had finished she said, "Now, Tommy, what have you to say?"

"Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors," was the unexpected reply.—Success Magazine.

What the Duke Meant.

His grace the Duke of Argyll was addressing a select company in a London drawing room on the present state of things in South Africa. "I look forward to the time," he said, "when the Englishman will marry the Boer girl and have an English wife as well!" Respectable dowagers looked their surprise, and the men began to smile. Then the duke carefully explained that he meant, of course, that the Boer girl should become an Englishwoman to all intents and purposes.—Reynolds' Newspaper.

A Source of Joy.

"What seems to be the matter with Mrs. Brown that she's ailing so?"

"Why, poor thing, she's got one of those newfangled diseases."

"She has? My, how fortunate she is, to be sure. Here I've had nothing more stylish than lumbago, and I'm three years older than she is."—Detroit Free Press.

Smart Set English.

The speech of the smart man and woman sufficiently betrays the modern attitude. To speak good English is middle class. The modern vocabulary is very small, and the greater part of it is composed of slang.—Black and White.

Stuck to It.

Her Husband—If a man steals, no matter what it is, he will live to regret it. His Wife—During our courtship you used to steal kisses from me. Her Husband—Well, you heard what I said.

Easy.

Jack—The fortune teller said I would marry a blond. Belle—Did she say how soon? Jack—In six months. Belle (coyly)—I can easily be a blond by that time, Jack.—Sketch.

Any man may make a mistake. None but a fool will stick to it. Second thoughts are best, as the proverb says.—Cicero.

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

A Prohibited Weapon.

Every traveler knows that there are certain restrictions upon the introduction of arms into foreign countries. Among the weapons which it is forbidden to take into France is the "tromblon," which is expressly mentioned in the Bengal code as a weapon the carrying and sale of which are not allowed. And yet the "tromblon" is not a firearm which is commonly used nowadays, for it is nothing else than the blunderbuss, a weapon which old caricatures show to have been carried by the guards of coaches as a protection against highwaymen and to have been hung over his fireplace by John Bull at the time of the scare of a Napoleonic invasion a hundred years ago. The blunderbuss had a flintlock, a short barrel and a muzzle like a trumpet, the bell mouth being designed to scatter the slugs with which the primitive piece was charged. Any one who buys one at an old curiosity shop had better take care how he introduces it into France, for the penalty for doing so is a fine of 200 francs.—London Chronicle.

Took His Joke Seriously.

A funny incident occurred aboard one of our big battleships. While at anchor off some large city a delegation of ladies representing the W. C. T. U. came aboard and were much interested in all they saw. One of the visitors, spying the chit box for the wine mess, which was fastened up in the ward room, inquired what it was. A young officer, being facetiously inclined and not for one moment supposing that his joke would be taken seriously, told her it was a box for foreign missions and that the officers were always glad to have all those who came aboard contribute. Nothing more was thought of the matter till the end of the month, when the box was opened and, to the astonishment of all, was found to contain $12.30. The dilemma was overcome by sending a check for the amount, together with a letter of explanation, to the secretary of the navy requesting that he have it forwarded through the proper channel to the cause for which it was contributed.—Army and Navy Life.

Interpreting a Gift.

A Philadelphia man sent as a present to his son and daughter-in-law a gold eagle and with it the following letter:

"The woman on the face of this coin is for you, Clarence, because men usually like good looking women. The eagle on the reverse, with the feathers on his legs, is for Lottie, because women are supposed to like birds and feathers.

"The 'E Pluribus Unum,' which you know is translated 'One of Many,' means that of the many of them you would like to have this is the only one you get.

"The thirteen stars, being an unlucky number, indicate the hard luck many of us have in our efforts to gather in the quantity of these coins we really have need for, but, then, the forty-six stars around the rim tell you that by working like forty six days in the week you can probably accumulate enough to see you through."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Vain Pride.

"Well, how do you think this looks?" asks Mr. Binderby, coming into his wife's boudoir while she is arranging her coiffure.

"How does what look?" she inquires in tones that are muffled by some hairpins she has between her lips.

"I got this toupee to cover my bald spot. I'm always catching cold and"—

"Why, John James Binderby! The very idea!" she exclaims. "I thought you were a man who was above such petty vanity. When a man becomes so self conscious of his looks it has really a suspicious appearance."

Whereupon Mr. Binderby takes on the toupee and combs the four long locks of hair over his bald spot, and his wife continues to pin on the perfectly lovely puffs that so enhance her beauty.—Chicago Post.

The Romans Invented Horsepower.

The Romans, among whom agriculture was a highly favored occupation, were an inventive race, especially in the matter of labor saving machines. Recognizing the drudgery of hand mills, they invented those whose motive power was imparted by asses, mules and oxen and introduced them into all the countries conquered by their victorious armies. There is no positive record of the name of the originator of this improvement in milling.

Dates and Her Birth.

Officer (investigating old age pension claims)—Well, Mrs. Brady, and how old might you be? Mrs. Brady—Sorra wan of me knows, indeed, sor. Officer—Think, now. Don't you know the date of your birth? Mrs. Brady—The date of my birth, is it? Sure, there was no such things as dates when I was born!—London Punch.

Defined.

"John," she said, looking up from the paper, "what is a political boomerang?"

"Why, I'd define it," he answered, "as a roorback on the return trip."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Idea of Luck.

Blobbs—Bjones is the most unlucky fellow at cards I ever met. Slobbs—Then I suppose he is lucky in love. Blobbs—I suppose so. At any rate, he has never been married.—Philadelphia Record.

Compensation.

Friend—If your washerwoman charges by the piece, it must be rather expensive. Young Housekeeper—Oh, no! She loses so many things that her bills are never high!

Source of His Money.

"How did he lost his money?"

"His father-in-law failed."—London Illustrated Bits.

He only is exempt from failures who makes no efforts.—Whately.

Insomnia and Alarm Clocks.

The patient complained of insomnia.

"You must get an alarm clock at once," said the physician.

The patient stared.

"I mean it. What time do you waken usually in the night?"

"Two o'clock lately."

"Set the alarm for fifteen minutes before 2. As soon as it strikes, get up, dress for the day and take a walk of not less than two miles. Do not go to bed again that day under any circumstances, nor take a nap, even sitting in your chair.

"The next night set the alarm at a quarter past 2. You will sleep until it wakens you. Get up as before and take another two mile walk.

"The third night you can venture to set your alarm at 3. Repeat the walk. If you are not cured by that time, you will be a more difficult case than any I have had heretofore, but if the habit of lying awake is not broken begin back at 2 o'clock again and repeat."—New York Press.

Wonderful.

Two sailors noticed that a shark was following their ship. Not knowing how to get rid of it, they threw a chair overboard.

The shark swallowed this, but still followed.

The sailors then threw a box of oranges overboard to it.

The shark swallowed this and still followed.

The men seemed completely beaten for a moment what to do until one of them said that those on board should draw lots for who had to satisfy the shark.

It fell to an old woman. So the sailors tossed her overboard, and the shark ate her at one bite.

This did not content the fish, which still followed. So the sailors harpooned it and dragged it on board.

On opening it they found to their surprise the old woman sitting on the chair selling oranges "three a penny."—Pearson's Weekly.

Fresh Water From the Ocean.

Manaima, the principal port of the Habrein Islands, the center of the pearl fisheries, gets its fresh water from the ocean. Visitors often note boats anchored a few hundred yards from the shore, the boatmen engaged in drawing fresh water from springs at the bottom of the sea. These springs well up strongly at a considerable depth, and the entire water supply of the town is obtained from them. The fresh water is procured in two ways: either in a goatskin water bag, which a diver takes down with him and carefully closes before bringing it to the surface, or by letting down long hollow pipes of bamboo, weighted at the lower end, through which the water rises up uncontaminated to the surface.—Argonaut.

The Mere Formality Won.

"Yes, sir," said the pale, youthful suitor; "I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand. She is fair as lilies, charming"—

"Is that Mary you're talking about?" asked papa.

"Yes, sir. It is a mere formality, I know, this asking for your daughter's hand, but we thought it would be pleasing to you if it were observed."

Mary's papa stiffened.

"And may I inquire," he asked, "who suggested that asking my consent to Mary's marriage was a mere formality?"

"You may, sir," replied the young man simply. "It was Mary's mother."

Paraguay's Sweet Plant.

A herb called by the natives ca'a ehe, but botanically Eupatorium rebaudianum, grows wild in Paraguay. It is remarkable for its sweetness. Indeed, the native name means the "sugar plant." It grows along the borders of the river Amambahi and attains a height of only about five inches. The smallest bit of this plant when placed upon the tongue produces a surprisingly sweet flavor, which, it is said, lasts for hours. The saccharine power is much greater than that of sugar.—Youth's Companion.

I have been at ENGSTROM'S GROCERY, and you can tell that I am pleased. Its an old idea about a pleased customer being the best advertisement for a store. We believe in continuous advertising of this kind. Our Groceries are of the satisfying sort. You will feel that every article from our stock is well worth the price, and will be glad to order another lot of the same brand. We lay more stress on high quality than on low price. Our values are just. Make up an order for us and be pleased.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per annum if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Births, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Feb. 18, 1909.

One law makers are taking a much needed rest of a week on account of the winter election.

A BILL has been presented in the legislature to put a tax on all moving picture shows. If this bill becomes a law it will provide considerable revenue.

NEWS has just reached the outside world that a terrible earthquake shook the Luristan district in Western Persia on Jan. 23, and that between 5,000 and 6,000 people lost their lives.

FIVE firemen were killed and about a dozen injured in a big fire at Milwaukee last Sunday. They were fighting fire in the big plant of the H. W. Johns-Manville Manufacturing Company. An employee of the concern received burns which resulted in his death. The loss is estimated at $250,000.

ABOUT 3000 Chinamen who have died in the United States in the past few years have been recently exhumed and their remains will be shipped this week from New York to China for re-interment. It is said to be a belief among this people that in order to hold a place among the happy in the world to come they must be buried with their forefathers.

A FEW days ago it was discovered that owing to the fact that the salary of the Secretary of State had been raised by the House and Senate while Mr. Knox was a member of the latter body and therefore he could not under the laws accept that portfolio in Mr. Taft's cabinet. However the salary of this office has been reduced to the previous amount and Philander C. Knox will be the next Secretary of State.

CHARLES HULL, 40 years old, a farmer who lived at Sanford, a few miles from Titusville, committed suicide in a spectacular manner Saturday afternoon last. He placed 75 pounds of dynamite beneath a small stump, lighted the fuse and seated himself upon the stump. When the deadly explosive got into action results were about as anticipated. Mr. Hull was blown into very small fragments. Only his legs and some pieces of clothing were found. Lately he had been very morose, because the sheriff was about to sell his property for debt.

ASSEMBLYMAN JAMES A. MCKEAN has introduced a bill in the legislature for the purchase by the State of the brook trout hatchery at the head of Skinner creek. It includes the ownership of one of the finest and largest of mountain springs in the western part of the State. The hatchery is one of the most up-to-date plants for the propogation of brook trout in the State, and has several millions of fine stock among which no disease has ever been discovered. It belongs to the Helmar Brothers of this city. If the State gets the plant it is expected that it will be enlarged and improved.—Port Allegany Reporter.

JUDGE BOUTON was in Meadville last week, assisting Judge Prather in the court proceedings and the manner in which the McKean county jurist disposed of the cases of certain persons convicted of offenses against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth caused the oldest court attendants to sit up and take notice. Judge Bouton's lectures to the offenders were severe and to the point and the sentences he administered were just. Judge Bouton can be lenient when leniency is deserved and otherwise when a hardened, defiant criminal appears before the bar of justice. The Crawford county papers devoted considerable space to Judge Bouton's able work.—Era.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

There has been some agitation during the week with refrence to a change in the canal type from the lock system adopted some four years ago, to the sea level plan was proposed by a majority of the distinguished engineers once sent there. Informal reports and speeches by the president-elect and information from the distinguished civil engineers would seem to indicate however, that the lock system is still in high favor. Colonel Gosthals is now in the city and will appear before the House and Senate committees on interoceanic canals and these will doubtless receive much first hand information from him.

Preparations for the inauguration now less than three weeks distant are going on. Every procaution is being taken to prevent overcrowding the capitol. No person will be admitted to the floor or to the inaugural platform without a card signed by the committee on arrangements, except they be members of the Senate and elective officers; members of the House of Representatives and elective officers; ex-vice presidents; justices of the Supreme court and officers; the admiral of the navy and aid; the chief of staff of the army and his aid. Cards of admission to the floor and tickets of admission to the extent of two each have been given to senators for their friends. That is a smaller number than has been given out on previous occasions.

Pennsylvania avenue has begun to assume quite a baseball like appearance. Seats or bleachers have been erected at open spaces along the avenue where thousands of people may secure seats at prices varying from fifty cents to two dollars. Much will depend on the weather, which of course is always a doubtful element on the fourth of March.

As the present administration draws to a close, the legislative body finds itself embarrassed with a number of problems that in all probability cannot be solved at this session. The president has vetoed the census bill which contained the objectional provision authorizing the appointment of census employes by members of Congress instead of through competitive examination under the Civil Service rules. The president's attitude towards this question and other pending measures may result in the failure of a number of important bills in the present Congress. It is thought by the leaders of the House that the Sundry Service bill which contains appropriations for the maintenance of the secret service and possibly one or two other supply bills and the Census bill will fail of passage this session. In such case, they must be taken up and put into the form of law at the special session to be called in March. The determination to defer action on at least one appropriation bill and to lay over the Census bill, will of course open the way for much general legislation and this suggests that many measures other than that relating to the tariff will come up for consideration and probably be passed at the special session. A committee on the Census met yesterday to consider the president's vetoed measure. No formal action was taken, but discussion in committee indicated that it would be unwise at this late day to try to pass the Census bill over the president's veto.

The House yesterday passed the Agricultural appropriation bill with an amendment providing that all discoveries by the Department of Agriculture incident to test of paper-making material shall be patented in the name of the Secretary of Agriculture for the benefit of the whole people.

There are indications amounting almost to certainty that the small junto of leaders in the Senate, Aldrich, Hale, Gallinger and Fornker, will find their influence much curtailed after this session. Foraker, who is perhaps the ablest man of them all, will retire after March the fourth, but the real cause of the declining strength of the clique that has long ruled is the determination of some new senators, headed by Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, to take a hand in legislative matters. Senator La Follette showed the strength of the opposition and its determination to have something to do with senatorial business yesterday when he balked Senator Hale's plan to expedite the naval appropriations. He was extremely sarcastic in debate with Senator Hale, the autocrat of the Naval Committee, or as he is sometimes called "the owner of the United States Navy." His language was:

"I have the hardihood not only to doubt the divine perfection of the present arrangement, but to almost believe that the business of the Senate could be distributed among its ninety-two members instead of being taken care of by less than one-third of this body."

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Wanted.

Two girls with black hair and blue eyes to learn the cut glass trade. Come at once.

SMETHPORT CUT GLASS CO.

If you need a pill take DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Insist on them; gentle, easy, pleasant little liver pills. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport and F.H. Reed Clermont.

Stocked Farm of 225 Acres Near Good Market Place

We offer for sale a productive farm of 225 acres, located 2 miles from Port Allegany, Pa., on R. F. D. Valley and hill land, rich red soil, watered by 3 springs and creeks. Good fences. Ten-room house in good repair, barn 70x80 with cow shed. Barn has silo and is in good repair. This farm is one-half mile from school and two miles from cheese factory and railroad station. Included with the farm is 30 cows, and fodder to carry them to grass, drill, mower, reaper, and other farm tools and machinery. Port Allegany is a splendid market town of 4000 population, located on two railroads. Price for everything, $8,000. Terms $2,500 cash, balance on easy yearly payments. Write or telephone.

HERRICK AGENCY
Bolivar, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Pluri Facias, Pluries Pluri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1909,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land lying and being in the Township of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at an iron post in the center of the highway leading up Bennett Brook, said iron post being distant north 74 degrees 30 minutes west seven hundred and thirty-five and eight-tenths (735.8) feet from the division line between the Boss and Stone farms; thence south 10 degrees 30 minutes west four hundred and thirty-five (435) feet; thence south 84 degrees 31 minutes west one hundred and fifty-eight and seven-tenths (158.7) feet; thence north 86 degrees 45 degrees west eight hundred and eight and five-tenths (808.5) feet; thence north 87 degrees 27 minutes west three hundred and forty-five and five-tenths (345.5) feet; thence north 11 degrees 2 minutes west two hundred and twenty-three and eight-tenths (223.8) feet to the south line of the Schoey farm; thence south 88 degrees 45 minutes east three hundred and thirteen and two-tenths (313.2) feet along said Sheehy's south line to the center of the highway; thence south 74 degrees 30 minutes east ten hundred and thirty-nine and four-tenths (1039.4) feet along the center of the highway to the place of beginning, containing eight and one-fourth (8¼) acres, more or less, and being the same property conveyed to the Maple Grove Ice Company by Harry Boss and wife by Deed dated September 16, 1902, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 121, page 17, &c.

Improved and having situate thereon 2 ice houses, 1 shed and one tool house and one scale house. 2 ice ponds.

ALSO,

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at an iron post on the east side of Bennett street, seventy-five feet north of Washington street, and at the northwest corner of lot deeded to Frank Foote, Dec. 7, 1900; thence east and parallel with Washington street, ninety-two (92) feet to Bennett Brook road; thence northwesterly along Bennett Brook road, one hundred and ninety-two (192) feet more or less, to a point at the junction of Bennett Brook road and Bennett street; thence south, along Bennett St., one hundred and sixty-seven (167) feet more or less to the place of beginning; being all of a triangular lot lying between Bennett street and Bennett Brook road, seventy-five (75) feet north of Washington street, and being the same property conveyed to the Maple Grove Ice Company by Augustus W. Nowell and wife by Deed dated March 28th, 1903, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 124, page 500, &c.

Improved and having situate thereon one barn, one ice house, one blacksmith shop and a wagon shed.

ALSO,

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Bradford Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at an iron post and stones at the southwest corner of Lot No. 338; thence north sixty seven and four-tenths (67.4) rods more or less to a post at the southeast corner of lands conveyed to Amelia M. Tibbitts; thence west fifty-six (56) rods more or less to a post; thence south sixty-seven and four-tenths (67.4) rods to a post; thence east fifty-six (56) rods to the place of beginning, containing twenty-four and six-tenths (24.6) acres of land more or less, being the southwest part of lot No. 338 in Warrant No. 3906.

ALSO,

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Bradford Township, McKean County, Penna., bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the east side of the highway leading up Bennett Brook at the south end post of the Boss fence, the northwest corner of the land by these presents conveyed; thence along wire fence 88 degrees 45 minutes east sixty-two and forty-two hundredths (62 42-100) rods to corner fence post; thence along what is supposed to be east line of Warrant 1907, south 45 minutes east sixty-eight and seventy-three hundredths (68.73) rods to a post and stones; thence south 88 degrees 45 minutes twenty-four and four-tenths (24.4) rods to a post and stones, witnessed by small cherry tree south 60 degrees west, thirteen feet from said post; thence north 29 degrees 45 minutes west seventy-seven and four-tenths (77.4) rods to the place of beginning, containing eighteen and eighty-six hundredths (18.86) acres more or less; the said piece, parcel or tract of land by these presents conveyed being the first in their order of description of three certain pieces, parcels or tracts of land conveyed unto Mary E. Abbatt by Daniel Kingsbury and wife by deed dated the 16th day of June, 1883, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County in Deed Book "P," page 471, and being the southeast part of Lot No. 188 and part of Warrant 3907, said lot of land having been conveyed to John J. Sheehy by the said Mary Abbatt and husband by deed dated the 3rd day of June, 1884, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County in Deed Book 25, at page 112, etc., keeping, saving and reserving nevertheless out of the land above described, that certain part or portion thereof which is bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a fence post in the east line of the highway and southwest line of the land above described at forty-two and five-tenths (42.5) rods from the southwest corner of said land; thence along said southwest line being also the east line of the highway, north 28 degrees 45 minutes west four and twenty-seven hundredths (4.27-100) rods to a post and stones; south thence 14 degrees 90 minutes west seven and five-tenths (7.5) rods to a post in the northeast line of the highway in Bennett Brook witnessed by a large apple tree, south 10 degrees west fifteen (15) feet from said post; thence from the post along the north line of the highway north 89 degrees 30 minutes west six and sixty-five hundredths (6.65) rods to the place of beginning. Containing twenty-six hundredths (26-100) of an acre more or less.

ALSO,

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Bradford Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Easterly by land of John J. Sheehy four hundred and six (406) feet; on the south by land of H. Boss three hundred (300) feet and on the west by a private road leading from Bennett Brook to land of Patrick Farrell, being a triangular piece of land. EXCEPTING AND RESERVING out of the second of the three last above described pieces of land, the following described tract of land, to-wit: Bounded on the north by Bennett Brook road, one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet, on the east by private road leading from Bennett Brook road to lands of Patrick Farrell, eighty-six and one-half (86½) feet, and on the west by lands of Charles Fish, one hundred and seventy-four (174) feet being a triangular lot of land and part of Warrant 3907

THE LAST ABOVE DESCRIBED PROPERTIES being the same conveyed to the Maple Grove Ice Company by James L. Andrews by deed dated August 2nd, 1907.

Improved and having thereon 2 dwelling houses, one large cow barn, one horse barn, two wagon sheds, tool-house, two ice houses, one ice pond and one orchard.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of the Maple Grove Ice Company at the suit of S. G. Griffin, now for use of First National Bank, of Bradford, Pa.

D. E. Jack, plaintiff's attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that piece, parcel, tract of land and village lot situate on Broad street in the borough of Port Allegany, county of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at an iron pin in the north line of Broad street at south-west corner of block No. 7, three rods distant across Elm street extension from south-east corner of block No. 6 and lot No 64; thence north thirty degrees west eight (8) perches to an iron pin for a corner; thence north sixty degrees east four (4) perches to an iron pin for a corner; thence south thirty degrees east eight (8) perches to an iron pin in the north line of Broad street; thence south sixty degrees west along line of Broad street four (4) perches to the place of beginning and being lot No. 55 of block No. 7 of Smith addition to the borough of Port Allegany, and containing thirty-two (32) square perches of land. This deed by the parties made and by the party of the second part accepted upon the express condition, agreement and reservation that the party of the second part, her heirs and assigns, shall erect and maintain when required, a good, sufficient and legal fence along the east and north lines of said lot so long and whensoever the parties of the first part or the heirs of either shall either own or occupy the land contiguous to the same.

This deed is made subject to a contract for the sale of said lot made by Samuel W. Smith and William E. Smith, deceased, to Abram W. Fisher, dated January 2nd, 1899. The said contract having been signed by said Fisher to the said Harry P. Blackman, the party of the second part, above named.

Reference being herein made to a deed from Henry N. Rose, executor of William E. Smith, dated Sept. 19, 1905, and recorded in deed book, Vol. 134, page 382, etc.

ALSO,

Defendant's interest in all that piece, parcel or tract of land situate in the borough of Port Allegany, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post standing north thirty (30) degrees west, sixty-six and five-tenths (66.5) perches from the stone set in the centre of the four corners and being the south-west corner of land of O. Vosburg; thence by the centre of the road north thirty (30) degrees west seven and four-tenths (7.4) perches to a post corner in the centre of the road; thence north sixty (60) degrees east sixteen and five tenths (16.5) perches to a post in the centre of the road; thence by the centre thereof south nineteen (19) degrees east seven and six-tenths (7.6) perches to a post in the centre of the road; thence south sixty (60) degrees west fifteen (15) perches to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred and sixteen and six-tenths (116.6) square perches strict measure, be the same more or less, being same premises conveyed to Miles T. Rice, party of the first part, by Alice A. Hughes, by deed dated Aug. 3rd, A. D. 1908, and recorded in deed book Vol. 101, page 395, etc., in Recorder's office of McKean county, Pennsylvania.

Improved and having thereon one one and one-half story frame dwelling house, a one story office building and a few fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Florence May Heggie, executrix of the last will and testament of Mary P. Blackman deceased, and Mrs. W. C. Heggie, a non-resident of McKean county, Pennsylvania, at the suit of R. A. Heggie.

O. L. Snyder, plaintiff's attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Boro of Kane, McKean county, and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3866, being lot No. 8, Clay street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the east line of Clay street, three hundred thirty-five (335) feet southward from the southeast corner of Clay and Greeves streets; thence parallel to Greeves street north seventy degrees west two hundred (200) feet to a post; thence parallel to Clay street south twenty degrees west sixty feet (S 20 degrees E 60 ft) to a post; thence parallel to Greeves street south seventy degrees west two hundred feet (S 70 degrees W 200 ft) to a post; thence by the east line of Clay street (thirty feet from the centre line thereof) north twenty degrees west sixty feet (N 20 degrees W 60 ft) to the place of beginning. Containing twelve thousand square feet (12,000 sq. ft.) more or less, and being the same premises conveyed by John Fensle to Emma Fensle by deed dated March 25, 1901, and recorded in the Recorder's office, McKean county, in deed book Vol. 114, page 57, etc., and by Emma Fensle to the party of the first part by deed dated June 10, 1905, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean county in deed book, volume 133, page 430, etc. This conveyance is expressly made and accepted under and subject to all and singular the exceptions, reservation, conditions and restrictions in the said deed mentioned or contained, as the same reference thereto being had will more fully and at large appear. Containing and reserving the same restrictions contained in former deeds.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame house and one board barn.

Seized, taken in execution and will be soldas the property of J. Glenwood, at the suit of A. Silver, now for use of Kane Trust & Savings Company.

F. J. Woods, plaintiff's attorney.

4.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the city of Bradford, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post on the west side of Pearl street, seventy-one and one-half feet north of State street, at the north-east corner of lot deeded to Mrs. Jane Johnson, by deed dated March 21st, 1883; thence west sixty nine (69) feet more or less, thence north twenty-eight and one-half (28½) feet; thence west six (6) feet more or less; thence north thirty (30) feet; thence east seventy-five (75) feet to Pearl street; thence south along Pearl street fifty-eight and one half (58½) feet to place of beginning, containing four thousand two hundred and sixteen and one half (4216½) square feet more or less, and being a part of the land conveyed to the said Augustus W. Nowell by Daniel Kingsbury and wife by deed dated December 18, A. D. 1903, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for said County of McKean. Being same land conveyed by said Anna L. Lentz by A. W. Nowell and wife by deed dated Dec. 15, 1903, and recorded in McKean County Records in Deed Book 62, page 63, etc.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house, and one one and one-half story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of E. Lentz, guardian of Ella M. Lentz, minor child and only heir at law of Anna L. Lentz, deceased, at the suit of Baldwin B. Bennett et al. Assignees.

James George, plaintiff's attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a post on Fourth street thence along said street thirty feet thence west fifty feet thence north to a pine tree fourteen feet, three feet to the place of beginning be the same more or less. Being the same land conveyed unto William Davis by Fred W. Smith and Anna B. Smith his wife by deed bearing date the 12th day of May, A. D. 1884, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds for McKean County, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book 88, page 507, &c., and the same conveyed by the said Wm. Davis and wife unto Catherine Hust by deed dated the 20th day of June, A. D. 1889, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds for McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book 10, page 123, &c., and by the said Catherine Hust and John T. Hust her husband was conveyed to the said parties of the first part by deed dated August 2nd, 1889, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds in Deed Book Vol. No. 51 at page 58, &c., reference had to the said deeds at their places of record respectively the same will more fully and at large appear.

Improved and having thereon a one-story frame cottage.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of S. Stoffer, Adm'r of the estate of Pasquale Mancuso, deceased, at the suit of Elizabeth Hermes, Ex'trx of the estate of Dominick Hermes, deceased

James George, plaintiff's attorney.

6.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Lafayette, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the northwest corner of lot number sixty-three of the Mineral Run tract, running thence south along the west line of said lot six hundred feet; thence east on a line parallel with the north line of said lot one thousand feet; thence north on a line parallel to the west line six hundred feet to the north line of said lot; and thence west along the said north line one thousand feet to the place of beginning. Being a part of lot number sixty-three (63) of said Mineral Run tract. Together with the brick works, fixtures and appurtenances thereon and thereunto belonging. Excepting and reserving all the oil and gas in, under and upon the land above described as reserved in deed for said premises, to said P. B. Broughton and C. A. Davis, it is agreed that second parties shall have the exclusive right of spring for water as now used, with the right to lay and maintain pipe to same for the enjoyment thereof.

Improved and having thereon one large brick building used for the manufacture of pressed brick, with necessary machinery and appliances, wood storage sheds, eight kilns, pit equipments and property used in the manufacture of brick.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of P. B. Broughton and C. A. Davis, at the suit of C. A. Davis, now for use of O. F. Schoublom.

James George, plaintiff's attorney.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that tract or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, McKean County, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the west line of Kennedy street at the northeast corner of the lot of De Silver Weld and running thence northerly along the west line of Kennedy street, thirty (30) feet to the land of the Jewish Synagogue; thence westerly along the south line of said Synagogue lot, seventy-four (74) feet to land of the Orpheus Hall Association; thence southerly along the east line of said Hall Association's lot, thirty (30) feet, to land of De Silver Weld; thence easterly along his north line, seventy-four (74) feet to place of beginning. Being same land conveyed to Ellen V. Stanton by Alice M. Catlin (unmarried) by deed dated July 30th, A. D. 1903. Being same land conveyed to Ellen V. Stanton, by Fanella G. Bross (widow) by deed dated the 3rd day of November, A. D. 1897, and recorded in Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book 96, page 90, &c., and being same land conveyed by Ellen V. Stanton (widow) to Alice M. Catlin, by deed dated Sept. 3, 1903, and recorded in Deed Book No. 123, page 541.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ellen V. Stanton, at the suit of Charles A. Spreter.

Mullin & Mullin, plaintiff's attorneys.

8.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, Commencing at the northeast corner of N. E. Vaughn lot, running thence east one hundred (100) feet along lot line to the west line of High street, thence running south along the west line of High street, fifty-five (55) feet to a corner; thence running west along lot line, one hundred (100) feet to a corner, and east line of said N. E. Vaughn lot; thence running north along the east line of N. E. Vaughn lot, fifty-five (55) feet to the place of beginning, containing eighteen (18) square rods be the same more or less. Being same land conveyed by Samuel C. Smith and Julia A. Smith his wife to Ellen V. Stanton by deed dated June 23rd, A. D. 1899, and recorded in McKean County records in Deed Book Vol. 123, page 474, &c.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ellen V. Stanton, at the suit of Charles A. Spreter.

Mullin & Mullin, plaintiff's attorneys.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 8, 1909.

LOW PRICES

——are still prevailing at——

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

The balance of our Suit and Overcoat stock are going at lower prices than ever.

We Like Lookers

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

VALENTINES! VALENTINES!

BELLE MEAD SWEETS,
Bon Bons and Chocolates.

Butterick Patterns

——AT——

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holdor I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

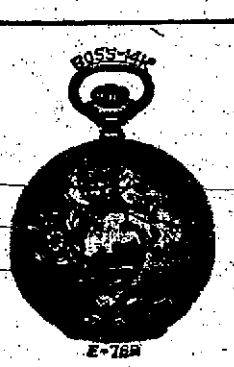
Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of
Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.,
at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909.

RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 10,694.71
Bonds	187,413.90
Loans	570,589.67
Cash	22,631.21
Due from Banks	88,514.47
	$888,844.16

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.39
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Psalm of Life—Continued.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art to dust returneth
Was not spoken of the soul."

Observe the laws of health and have your physician's prescriptions compounded at the

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

You will thus find life real and earnest a maximum number of years.

Sane

BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 300 Union Phone 499

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

AMERICAN BEAUTY CORSET WEEK.

Commencing next Monday and continuing for one week, we will give to every purchaser of an

American Beauty Corset

KALAMAZOO CORSET CO., Makers

during any of the above days, absolutely FREE, a copy of one of the most popular pieces of music of this year, the

American Beauty March & Two Step.

This is one of those "catchy" selections that one involuntarily beats time to when its being played. Bands and orchestras are adapting it for their use in the metropolitan cities.

Please remember that this unusual offer is for one week only.

See our window display of these coreset. The best that corset intelligence has yet produced.

$1.00 and up.

The Lindholm Company

DALY & GARLICK

WASHDAY WARE.

TUBS—That hold water.
SCRUBBING BOARDS—That don't warp.
WRINGERS—That don't tear the clothes.
CLOTHES HORSES—That stand upright.
WASHING MACHINES—That save labor.

We can give you everyting except the water and soap.

And everything we give you will be well built—made to last. Wooden ware can easily be made to look right, but be worthless in service. The kind we sell stands the service. It's made for rough and water-soaked usage. Prices right.

Daly & Garlick.

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 18, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Lent begins next Wednesday.

—Next Monday is Washington's birthday.

—Lincoln two-cent stamps are on sale at the postoffice.

—An effort is being made to locate a hospital at Galeton.

—The regular term of criminal court convenes next Monday.

—Thus far the ground-hog, as a prophet, has not made good.

—Read G. W. Brennan's advertisement in another column.

—Arthur Briggs has recently been appointed postmaster at Shinglehouse.

—Port Allegany is to have a new industry in the form of a canvas glove factory.

—It is reported that Smethport parties have placed orders for three 1909 Packard automobiles.

—Miss Bessie Huff, a popular young lady of Kane, died at her home in that place last Friday.

—Street Commissioner Hector did good work Saturday and Monday cleaning the pavement.

—Ladies should read the advertisement of The Lindholm Co. which appears in this issue.

—What are Smethport baseball fans going to do about organizing an amateur team this coming summer?

—Mrs. John B. Eastman entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on King street yesterday afternoon.

—The past masters of the Bradford Masonic bodies held their annual banquet at the St. James Hotel last Friday evening.

—Dr. W. A. Ostrander has purchased of J. H. Green, the vacant lot opposite A. W. Colegrove's residence on East Main street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Bell entertained a large party of friends at their home on West Main street last evening at bridge whist.

—Another proof of an open winter and an early spring is the number of daisies in full bloom that have been seen in this vicinity of late.

—On Monday afternoon Mrs. T. H. Purtle broke the Backus alley bowling record for ladies when she rolled up a score of 195 pins. This is 36 pins higher than any previous record made by a woman on these alleys and we doubt very much if it has been beaten by any woman in this section.

—John E. Haley is moving his family from their home on East Main street to a farm near Bradford. Mr. Haley will have charge of this farm for the Emery Oil Co.

—Newly elected Justices of the Peace should come to this office for a stock of legal blanks. Old Justices know that MINER blanks are the best to be found anywhere.

—A driverless team that came home Saturday night created great excitement and suspicions of murder and robbery. Investigation only showed robbery of a sense of direction.

—J. A. Stroup, aged 77 years, died at Kane on Saturday last. He was a veteran of the Civil War and was highly respected. He is survived by two sons and two daughters.

—Notice the date on the label of your MINER and if you are pretty near a year behind send in your subscription without delay. Remember the subscription price is $1.25 per year or $1.00 when paid strictly in advance.

—It is well to remember that the MINER has one of the best equipped job printing outfits in this section of the State. If you have anything that is to be printed get our estimates before placing your order elsewhere.

—Dr. W. Burdick, for years a practicing physician of Mt. Jewett, has rented offices in Kane and will leave for that place shortly where he will be an assistant to Dr. Kane. His family will follow shortly. Success in your new field, Dr. —Mt. Jewett News.

—Miss Lydia Burlingame underwent an operation at the Kane hospital Saturday. She has been in poor health for some time, and her many friends in this place are trusting that she may regain perfect health. Last reports are that she is doing as well as can be expected.

—Mr. Beaman Lee Hyde of East Smethport and Miss Rose Marie McGill of Eldred were united in marriage Feb. 8, 1909, at the Methodist parsonage by Rev. W. A. Harris. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Nourse. The happy couple have the best wishes of the MINER and a host of friends.

—The Ladies of the Maccabees installed the officers of their order at their rooms in the Odd Fellows' hall building last Thursday afternoon. A number of members from Crosby Hive and several invited guests from town were in attendance. Elegant refreshments were served and a very pleasant time spent by all.

—N. Harry Knapp returned home last Thursday night from a visit to Buffalo, where had been to see Dr. Hinkley, a specialist on troubles of the throat. Dr. Hinkley, after making a thorough examination, told Mr. Knapp he appeared to be suffering from both a tumor and a cancer. He gave him a course to treatment to be followed for about two weeks which will definitely determine whether or not he has a cancer. If his trouble should prove to be a cancer the doctor gave him very little hope for permanent recovery, owing to the dangerous location of the disease.

—At the W. C. T. U. meeting Saturday, Feb. 20, in the M. E. chapel, the subject of Mothers and Children will be the main feature, under the leadership of the Supt. of Mothers Work. Mothers old and young and all who are interested in children are cordially invited. Light refreshments will be served, at 3 o'clock.

—At St. Luke's Church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Services on Ash Wednesday, Feb. 24th, at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 4:15 p. m. Services during Lent daily at 4:15 p. m. except Fridays and Sundays, when at 7:30 p. m. Litany at 9 a. m. on Wednesdays (except Ash Wednesday) and Fridays.

—The Smethport High School basketball team went to Austin last Friday night and played a game with the men's team of that place. The final score was 24 to 19 in favor of Austin. It is said that the Austin team would average at least 20 pounds to a man more than their opponents and that the Smethport boys put up a plucky game against such odds.

—While bear hunting in the wilds of Potter county, Alex Wolfling, aged 40 years, dropped dead. He was a brother of Sheriff Charles and Co. Supt. H. O. Wolfling of Coudersport. He was one of the largest and most powerful men in Potter county and had never been sick a day in his life. He was a man who had a host of warm personal friends, won by his genial good nature and big-heartedness.

—L. D. Cleveland, formerly of this place and a brother of S. H. Cleveland, writes from Center, North Dakota, that he has taken up a homestead farm of 160 acres in the rich, wheat belt of that State and will make his home there for a time at least. During the past few months Mr. Cleveland has travelled extensively in the West and he considers it a great country for a man with brains and energy.

—Al. H. Wilson in "When Old New York was Dutch," will be the attraction at the Bradford Theatre, next Saturday, matinee and evening. Mr. Wilson is one of the leaders of his profession in German dialect, as well as one of the sweetest singers on the American stage. Smethport people who wish to see matinees at the Bradford Theatre can do so and have plenty of time to catch the evening train home.

—S. D. Winter and James W. Matthews, while engaged about the former's oil well on Clarence street, Tuesday afternoon, were quite painfully burned about the face and hands when an outflow of gas ignited after the well had been torpedoed. The derrick caught fire and the fire department was summoned by an alarm from box 27. The flames were extinguished with small loss.—Bradford Era.

—The members of St. Christopher's Guild held a Valentine party, Saturday evening, Feb. 13th, in the parlors of St. Luke's Parish house. Each member received a valentine on which was written her table number and some of these were comic and created great amusement. The party played bridge whist until about ten o'clock when Miss Pattison served a very dainty little lunch which was greatly enjoyed by all present.

—Judge Bouton of Smethport was in the city Monday hearing arguments in the council chambers at the City building. The first equity case was that of Brinton vs. Brinton. Hon. R. B. Stone and J. E. Mullin appearing for the defendant and Hon. W. E. Burdick and D. H. Jack for the plaintiff. The case of Madigan vs. Lindsey was postponed until Friday. In the case of the People vs. Henry Lovitz, it was announced that the matter had been disposed of by a fine which destroyed the property of the defendant.—Bradford Era.

Lincoln's Birthday Observed.

The Travellers' Club celebrated the centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln in a simple, but impressive way at the club house last Friday. In calling the meeting to order, the president, Mrs. T. A. Morrison, briefly eulogized Lincoln, proving him to be the peer of all other great men born in 1809—Gladstone, Darwin, Beethoven, Holmes, Poe and others.

Dr. McCoy led in singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," all joining in the chorus. Lincoln's Gettysburg address was read by Guy Mayo. Every listener thrilled as the grand and simple words—"such English as no man ever wrote before or since; the written and spoken word that all scholars bowed down to, and the humble and unlearned understood." Mrs. Gifford read Lincoln's favorite poem, "O Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"

Then followed an address by Supt. Bayle, whose theme was that the secret of Lincoln's greatness lay not in his marvellous achievement nor in his martyrdom but in the fact that he had a great heart. Mrs McCoy read an English poem setting forth the admiration of the English people for Lincoln at the time of his assassination. Dr. McCoy sang Lincoln's favorite hymn, "Abide With Me." Sheridan Gorton delivered a fine address, closing with Clark's poem, "The Boatman," written in 1865. The meeting adjourned with the singing of "America." There are several valuable historical relics at the club house and these with flags and pictures of Lincoln made appropriate decorations.

Personal Mention.

Sam Stull was an Austin visitor last Friday.

J. C. Backus was in Olean on business Saturday.

Hon. James A. McKean visited Bradford on Friday.

Ben Young passed Sunday with friends in Olean.

Mrs. Geo. Garrett is spending a week with relatives in Kane.

Rev. J. H. McCandless was a visitor in Bradford on Saturday.

Dr. F. C. Pierce passed Sunday with his parents at Warren Pa.

Harry Haley was down from Hazelhurst a few days this week.

Mrs. I. Odesser of Punxsutawney is the guest of Mrs. G. W. King.

Miss Katherine Moroy is spending the week with friends in Bradford.

Miss Myra Corwin passed Sunday at the home of her parents in Bradford.

Mrs. Lona Martin of Clermont was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

Miss Beatrice Gifford was the guest of friends at Port Allegany over Sunday.

Alfred Provin was the guest of his brother, W. V. Provin of Olean over Sunday.

Mrs. Lena Spencer of Hazelhurst was a pleasant caller at this office Friday afternoon.

Attorneys E. R. Mayo and F. D. Gallup were visitors in Bradford Monday on business.

Miss Fannie Steinhauer of Farmers Valley visited friends in town a few days this week.

Mrs. Fred W. Backus of Olean was the guest of relatives and friends in town this week.

Mrs. Brook, who has been in the hospital at Buffalo, has returned home much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lee and Mrs. Melville Gillett were visitors in Bradford last Friday.

Misses Elsie Sherer and Viola Badger passed Sunday with relatives and friends in Port Allegany.

E. G. Chase, representative for the Singer Sewing Machine Co. was in Bradford Saturday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hamlin and Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Backus were Bradford visitors last Thursday and Friday.

Orlo J. Hamlin returned home from a business visit to New York and Philadelphia the latter part of last week.

County Treasurer F. P. Isherwood and H. C. Wells attended the Masonic banquet at Bradford last Friday evening.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton, Mrs. D. M. Brasted and Mrs. F. P. Isherwood were Bradford visitors the latter part of last week.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, were the guests of Mrs. Thamm's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Abbey over Sunday.

Myron Gallup, who is a student at Westbrook's college at Olean, passed Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gallup.

Thomas Cole returned Friday from Olean, N. Y., where he had been to attend the funeral of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Cole.

H. F. Jones and daughter, Mrs. Geo. Howe have returned from Galeton where they attended the funeral of Mr. Jones' nephew, Wallace Myers.

Mrs. Arthur Miller and children have returned to their home in Bradford after a week's visit with Mrs. Miller's parents, Mrs. John Oviatt of East Smethport.

Mrs. Harvey McQuistion and infant son of Mexico City arrived here last Thursday where she will be the guest of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy for some time.

Fresh oysters received every Tuesday and Friday at Model Restaurant. The best that can be bought in Baltimore.

WM. MONHEIMER.

WANTED!

18 MEN

to buy 18 Swell Suits

AT $10 EACH.

No other sizes at this price than 34, 35 and 36, chest measure. We know of no other way of "raising cash" just now than to sell yon these $18.50, 20.00 and 22.50 Suits at $10.00 each. The first comers will get the choice pick of these 18 suits—they will be sold quickly at this price.

MONHEIMER'S.

NEW CABINET SHOP

Book Cases, Chiffoners, Stands, Tables, etc., made to order. All kinds of furniture repaired in a neat and serviceable manner. Please give me your patronage. Nelson street, near Bank street.

H. H. BEEBE

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Skirts

FRY & COMES

New Gingham
New Printed Wash Goods

This week we place on sale a choice lot of new Wash Fabrics for Spring and Summer wear.

You'l be pleased with the new weaves and prints of which there is an abundance this season.

There's scarcely a wash goods want that cannot be here supplied and money saved on the trausaction too.

New ideas this year in addition to the Lawns, Batistes and Mulls are Tissu Plisse', Mosaic Charmant, Bordered Foulards and Swiss Applique', Silk Poplin, Japanya Silk, Beach Suitings, Newport Suiting, etc., 10c to 50c per yard.

The best makes of Ginghams, sech as Bates' Seersucker, Red Seal, Toile Du Nord, Barnaby Zepher, Parkhill, etc., 12½c to 25c per yard.

White Lawn Waists—first shipment just in—from $1.00 to $3.75.

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING.

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THORNTON & CHESTER

Searchlight, Acme, White Lilly,

Pie and Cake Flour.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

VALENTINES

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

When you buy canned goods you want the best.

Our "Springville Brand" is unsurpassed.

One trial will convince you

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

REMOVAL SALE.

GREAT BARGAINS

—IN—

MILLINERY, CLOAKS, FURS, and WOOL GOODS sold at Cost.

Big reductions on all other goods. This is your opportunity—to save money.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

A Second Hand Love Affair

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Dan Hewling, graduate of Harvard, famous athlete and popular society man, startled his aristocratic intimates by refusing to follow the smoothly beaten trail prepared by his progenitor and by starting in literally at the bottom of the mill.

The mill, a plant manufacturing cotton thread, was situated in a little faraway New England town that no one had ever heard of until Dan discovered it.

While his friends and family stood around amazed or weeping Dan laughingly gave his dress suit a farewell pat and instructed his man to fold his brand new overalls carefully. He wouldn't have them creased for anything. Fancy making one's first appearance in mussed up overalls! It would blight his whole career.

But the following Monday morning, when he groped his way down to the factory in the sunless dawn, the situation seemed less comic than he had pictured it. Dan was no quitter, however. He proved that as the long, arduous days went by.

The mystery to his friends was on seeing him over an occasional week end that he appeared not only plucky and determined to make a success of his work, but actually happy.

No amount of comradely interest in his fellow laborers, no mere appreciation of simple country life, they argued, could account for that.

And they were quite right.

The direct cause of Dan's enthusiasm over his work was Mary Brown. She worked in the room where he was now overseer, but for several weeks they had worked as second hands side

"IT WAS ONLY A SECOND HAND ONE," LAUGHED ELSIE.

by side and exchanged the scant courtesies of each working day as it passed. Gradually Dan fell into the habit of walking home with Mary at night, their boarding places being near together.

Their conversation at first centered around their one mutual interest—their daily work. About herself Dan could not make Mary talk. She seemed shy and embarrassed, but she was evidently genuinely pleased with his rapid promotion.

In the wholesome presence of this pretty, bright, unsophisticated girl Dan came to feel himself better understood, more stimulated and more contented than with any one he had ever known. In fact, he woke suddenly to the fact that he loved her.

With this realization came the serious contemplation of his future. What would his family say if he should tell them that he contemplated marrying a "second hand" in the mill?

Why was he not free to act independent of all the rest of the world? Here was he, young and strong and bound to make his way. And here was Mary, young and strong, too, and beautiful and the one human being toward whom his soul yearned. Why should any one else matter?

"Mary," he began earnestly as they were tramping along a country road one mild winter Sunday—every one called her Mary—"are you happy here in this little town?"

She glanced up at him quickly, her cheeks all glowing from the brisk pace they had been going.

"Of course I am!" she laughed "What a silly question!"

"How can you be?" he urged so vehemently that it startled her.

"Why," she answered slowly, evidently thinking out her reply as she spoke, "I'm interested in my work. That's the main reason, I suppose."

"What are the others?" Dan demanded.

"And I like the people I work with," she added frankly.

"All the people," he probed, "or some one in particular?"

"I did not mention any names," she evaded, laughing lightly.

"I noticed you didn't," Dan continued, entirely unabashed. "But in my opinion the main reason for being happy is liking some one in particular."

"And are you happy?" Mary asked naively.

"Very," Dan replied, so emphatically that Mary involuntarily glanced up at him and then immediately looked away again, her heart thumping hard.

"And I am going to mention names, Mary," he said, smiling at her tenderly. "I am going to do more than that. I'm going to ask you to change yours."

Mary gave a little start of surprise and her cheeks flushed still more rosily.

"I have already changed it," she said in a voice so low that Dan just caught the words. "Please let us forget this—this little episode, Mr. Hewling. I know I haven't played fair. I ought to have told you before, but I didn't know it would make any difference."

"Any difference!" Dan echoed bitterly. And for a long time they walked on in silence.

"We are going to be good friends, aren't we, just the same?" Mary ventured at length, her lips trembling.

Dan steadied himself.

"Of course," he said. "It has been all my fault. You have played perfectly fair. There was no reason why you should have told me anything."

The following Saturday Hewling took the train for his native city. He felt that he needed a change of surroundings. He had just tossed his suit case up into the rack and was about to settle down when he saw Mary get into the car. But she did not see him.

So she was seeking a change too. He had a dozen minds as to whether he should join her or not, but finally decided not to.

He changed his seat, however, so that he could watch her more closely. Although she had a magazine, he noticed that she did not read it, but continued to stare out of the window, almost immovable.

He noticed, too, how exquisitely pretty she looked in spite of her plain, unfashionable costume. Something of the viking spirit took possession of him for a moment and made him feel like leaping on to the engine and carrying her off at terrific speed into some big, undiscovered kingdom.

Suddenly—or so it seemed to Hewling—the train came to a standstill and people began to leave the car. When the crowd had passed by him he looked again for Mary. She had gone too. Jerking down his suit case and snatching up his overcoat, Hewling made a mad rush off the train, landing almost in the midst of a group of laughing girls on the platform.

"Well, Dan Howling!" exclaimed one of them, shaking hands with him cordially. "Where did you come from? Is that your usual way of alighting from trains? Oh, Elsie," she called after one of the girls—they had all very tactfully withdrawn—"come back here. You must let me introduce Dan Hewling. Dan, my college chum, Elsie Landers. I'm sure you two people ought to be—"

"Yes, interrupted Dan, his expression a comical mixture of amazement and happiness as he acknowledged the introduction, "I'm sure we ought to be."

"Ought to be what, for mercy sakes?" gasped Mary Brown's chum.

"Engaged!" finished the irreproachable Dan. "And we would have been if Mary—I mean Elsie—had played fair."

At this Elsie Landers looked up at Dan appealingly, and her friend stared at the two in astonishment.

"You don't mean that you—oh, how romantic! I'll never say another word against that crazy socialistic scheme of yours, Elsie. She's writing a thesis, as I suppose you know, Dan, on—what is it on, Elsie? I never could remember."

"It doesn't matter," laughed Elsie. "I've almost forgotten myself."

"Then you aren't going back to that dingy little town any more?"

Elsie's eyes met Dan's in a flash of mutual comprehension.

"Oh, I can't promise that—because, you see, the overseer thinks a lot of me, and I think he's going to promote me."

"You bet he is!" came from Dan so explosively that the secret was out in a minute.

"Oh, Elsie, you fraud!" exclaimed her chum. "The idea of your having such a perfectly original romance and never—"

"It was only a second hand one," laughed Elsie.

But only she and Dan understood, squeezing hands on the sly as Elsie's chum went in to break the news to the others.

Jewish Longevity.

Superficial scrutiny of the vital statistics yields the Jew a prominent position in the sanitary world, if longevity serves as any index of hygienic living. With the average length of life for all Christian people placed at thirty-six years eleven months (1900) the Jew may hope to reach forty-eight years nine months.

Neufville (1858), inquiring into the comparative duration of life and causes of deaths of Jews and Christians in Frankfort, learned that one-fourth of the Jewish population was living beyond seventy-one years, while only one-fourth of their neighbors was living beyond the age of fifty-nine years ten months. Abbott claims that "they (i. e. Jews) are much less frequently the subjects of tubercular and acute epidemic diseases than any other race of mankind."

Why should this seeming vital superiority exist? According to Richardson, "the causes are simply summed up in the term 'soberness of life.' The Jew drinks less than his 'even Christian;' he takes, as a rule, better food; he marries earlier; he rears the children he has brought into the world with greater personal care; he tends the aged more thoughtfully; he takes better care of his poor and he takes better care of himself." To this might have been added that through religious customs hygienic tendencies became an inheritance.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

FIRES AND INSURANCE

What Being Burned Out May Mean to a Business.

DAMAGE ONE CANNOT COVER.

Enormous Losses Caused by the Suspension of Operations and the Drifting Away of Trade That Are Not Appreciated by the General Public.

"I suppose you heard that Blank & Co. were burned out from the roof to the basement last night?" remarks the man in the car.

"No!" exclaims the friend who hasn't seen the morning paper. "I suppose they carried insurance?"

"Oh, yes—a hundred thousand of it!" returns the first speaker, at which his friend settles back with the comment that everything is all right then.

This is the layman's conclusion almost invariably. Some big concern burns out, but with insurance to an amount seeming to cover the loss the average man is disposed to feel that it is all right. He doesn't stop to think of the enormous risks of a business which cannot be covered by insurance and which for weeks, months or years after a fire are crippling and perhaps ruinous to the fire victim.

Take, for example, a highly organized factory plant in prosperous times which has been turning out a vast specialized product from the hands of thousands of expert workmen. This plant, fitted with costly machinery, is covered by insurance upon its visible, material assets. Fire sweeps it and lays everything in hopeless ruin. If every piece of machinery, every building and all material adjuncts of the plant have been covered to full value in such a plant, will the reader dare make a rough guess as to what the limitations of loss may be?

Only the other day I stepped into a bookbindery, unostentatious in its street signs and occupying a fifth floor in an obscure street. In the elevator shaft was that peculiar odor which marks the track of fire and firemen days and weeks after such an accident.

"Most of the fire was next door," explained the proprietor, "but I guess the smoke and the water were about as bad for us. Sometimes it is almost better to have the fire yourself than the next door to it."

Which seemed to be especially true of book material. Where smoke and soot had failed to blot and ruin the stock, water from the engines in the street had flooded it until ruin alone was describable. Everything had been closed down, workers in the plant were idle, and the proprietor was awaiting the adjustment of the insurance which he had been carrying. But in the extent of this insurance itself was a knotty situation.

Ordinarily the house had carried policies which would have left it the minimum of risk on its machinery, stock and materials. Ordinarily a still further blanket policy was carried for the purpose of covering the normal amount of book material on hand owned by others and contracted for rebinding. But only a few days before the fire the house had received a consignment of $5,000 worth of lawbooks to be bound. These volumes, aside from intrinsic value, represented so much of other value as to make the risk abnormal for almost any season. And these books were ruined.

Before receiving them the binder had asked the owners to take out a policy for themselves protecting them against such fire loss. The firm had not done so, and when the fire damage came the disposition of the owners was to hold the binder for them under one of the binder's blanket policies.

On this one disputed point, taking it into court, will some one make a guess as to what this one feature of the fire may cost the binder, who to all purposes was "insured," if it should be settled in the supreme court after five or seven years, for example?

But in the case of the big manufactory, with its imported special machinery, its season of rush work and its enormous and fluctuating stock of material—if on the morning after the fire the assuring companies settle in full for the visible losses, how much has the company been damaged?

Of first consideration, perhaps, is the enormous payroll of the concern. If most of the mechanical work of the plant has been done by piecework ers, still the necessary force of directing employees on salary is a problem. The determination of the owners is to start up anew. Tried and proved employees must be retained while the work of rehabilitation goes on. They must be paid even if they are to do no more than wait. Settlement of some kind must be made with contractors who have been supplying raw materials from the hands of other thousands of workers. No matter what the clauses in contracts providing immunity in case of fires, strikes and acts of Providence, every line of business affecting the welfare of the manufactory has been affected.

The plant is a total loss. Before it can be rebuilt the ruins of the old factory must be cleared away.

In the meantime all those customers of the manufactory who have been pressing for the filling of contract orders find themselves shut out of any chance for receiving them. They turn at once to other competing establishments for the work. Not only does the burned out firm lose all chance of profits from this work, but it is running a long chance of losing some of its oldest and best customers of years' standing.—Chicago Tribune.

The Miner and Tribune Farmer
$1.60 per year in advance. Subscribe now

The Costly Brier Pipe.

"People don't understand brier pipe making," said a dealer. "If they did they wouldn't consider a five or six dollar brier extravagant. Did you know, for instance, that a brier pipe after its completion is put away to season for nine or ten years? French brier is the best material for these pipes. It isn't, though, brier, and it doesn't come from France. It comes from—etymologically speaking—the word 'bruyere,' which means 'furze.' French brier is really Italian furze root, a growth of the Tuscan Alps. The plant is as carefully cultivated as tobacco itself. All the sprouts and leaves are kept well pruned; thus all the sap goes to the root's nourishment. The root is cut when fully developed and boiled and dried before shipment. Afterward the pipemaker boils and dries it again. And when the pipe is finished he stores it away for further drying—a matter of eight years or so. The best brier pipe is one cut crosswise of the grain, and the grain should be birdseye. Such a pipe lasts a lifetime—can be handed down from father to son. Of course it's dear."

Only the Truth.

A virtue carried to excess may become ridiculous. To such action one may well preach, "Be temperate in all things," even in virtue. Amelia Opie, the English authoress, was not content with any half measures, as is shown in a letter from her quoted in "Quaker Pictures," by Wilfred Whitten. Mrs. Opie's course of conduct is to be respected as proceeding from her conscientious nature, but fiction readers may congratulate themselves that her spinsters are not universal.

Before she became a Quaker she wrote fiction. After her conversion she was asked to contribute a story to a magazine. Her answer to the editor ran as follows:

"Thou knowest or ought to know that since I became a Friend I am not free to what is called to make a story. I will write a fact for thy perusal or any little matter of history or truth or a poem if thou wishest, but I must not lie and say such and such a thing took place when it did not—I must thou understand?"

A Famous Story.

Every section has its famous story. A famous story that is being retold in Oregon is about a very rich banker who got his start by doing work for the government. His bill was $5,000, and it had to be submitted to congress. Congress has a habit of cutting its bills in two. To make allowance for this he jumped his bill to $10,000. He sent the bill to the governor for his approval. The governor, having also heard that congress generally appropriated only half as much as was asked, jumped it to $20,000. The bill was then sent to one of the congressmen, being friendly to the contractor he jumped it to $40,000 and sent it to another Oregon congressman for his approval. The second congressman jumped it to $80,000. Congress allowed the whole $80,000, although the contractor was entitled to only $5,000. This is told as a fact in Oregon. The man who got the $80,000 got his start on it and is now a millionaire.—Atchison Globe.

A "Lady" in Pepys' Time.

There were worse terrors than the matinee hat for the man who sat behind a lady in the seventeenth century theater, as recalled by the London Chronicle. At least, we may suppose so from Mr. Pepys' experience on Jan. 28, 1661, when he saw "The Lost Lady" for the second time. Nine days earlier that play had not pleased him much, partly perhaps because he was "troubled to be seen by four of our office clerks, which sat in the half crown box and I in the 1s. 6d." But on the second occasion the play did "please me better than before, and here, I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me." However, it was all right, for, "after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all."

In Different Sets.

It is but seldom, one imagines, that a good joke is made about an oyster. Edmund Yates, however, in his "Recollections and Experiences," relates one. "I was walking with Thackeray one evening from the club," writes Yates, "and, passing a fish shop in New street, he noticed two different tubs of oysters, one marked '1 shilling a dozen' and the other '1s. 3d. a dozen.' "'How they must hate each other!' said Thackeray."

London's Bridges.

Few people are aware of the extent to which the city of London is bridged over. In all, it seems, there are no fewer than seventy-five bridges. Of these nineteen are railway bridges, three are bridges over roads (such as Holborn viaduct), and fifty-three are bridges which connect private premises.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Placing Him.

"May I ask you what your profession is?"

"Certainly. I cure people of the blues by hypnotic power."

"Oh, I see. You're what you might call a cheerupodist."

Mean.

Maud (before the laughing hyena's cage)—How provoking! Here we've been twenty minutes, and the hyena hasn't laughed once. Ella—Strange, and he's been eying your new hat too!

His Great Love.

She—Darling, do you love me? He (kissing her rapturously and repeatedly)—Do I? I wish you were a two headed girl. That's all I can say.—London Tit-Bits.

Novelty Restaurant
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R

Professional Cards.

Sheridan Gorton.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

F. D. Gallup,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

F. L. Keenan.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly

V. B. BOUTON
ATTY.-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Mayo & Son.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW; Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn's
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Benjinghoff
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, at Main St. Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, main floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. M. C. PIERCE
DENTIST
All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Cleanliness and satisfaction guaranteed.
PIERCE BLOCK. OVER 25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.
OFFICE MAIN ST.

J. V. McALPIN,
Dentist
HOURS { 8:00 to 12 / 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, PA.

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence, 300 W. King St.

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

EDGAR W. STRONG
When you think of
STOVES
think of
STRONG'S
I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.
EDGAR W. STRONG,
NORTH THOMAS, RUNIN BLOCK, SMETHPORT

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Shinnahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean Smethport; E. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy H. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Shaffer, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John F. Deville, Bradford.
Com'rs Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Allen, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Adderson, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Wallis, E. W. Workley, G. R. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Bauer.
Justice—H. J. Gleason.
Constable—U. L. Foote.
School Directors—D. O. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Carwile, W. R. Burt.
Judge of Election—H. G. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McGlure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL L. FRY, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 384, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 243, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CONNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 147, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month, at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. H. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA AUBEY, Com.
BELLE RAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.
MRS. E. A. EASTER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EBERSPACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
ED. IRONS, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 2 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 6 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

THE NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.
Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Photo Fancies
For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen
THE HIT OF THE SEASON.
Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.
CALL and Ask About THEM
R. C. GLEASON, The Photographer.
Smethport, Pa.

"THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THIS REALM DOES NOT PARLEY WITH TREASON."

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

A GALLOPING DICK TALE

By H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

There was many an adventure befell me in a pretty broad circuit of life that tickled my ribs to a proper tune; and I have cackled over some escapades with a wider mouth than ever I sat out the most roaring comedy of the playhouse. But of all the chances that I encountered, what most rarely served my palate was this unexpected meeting in the west country, which, I admit at the outset, and ere I saw clearly the shape of the predicament, set my heart a-bobbing fast enough. It fell in this way:

'Twas on a Monday in the late summer of that year of grace 1685 that I rode up from the valleys of the north in the company of Tony Flack, and we came to a pause upon the find quarters of Exeter town. Tony himself was for caution, and would have us turn away to a little roadside tavern that we both knew for a safe resting place, with a staunch innkeeper to boot. But I was for Exeter itself, for, to say the truth, my stomach was sour with those rank swipes of the country-side, and 'twas some days since I champed my teeth about a town. The facts argued with Tony, chicken-hearted as he was, and I will not deny it; for there right before us lay the argument, in the shape of a rambling, muddy, parti-colored chaise that was creeping up the hill. Now it had so fallen out, more by way of a jest than by any material design, that we had sacrificed the occupant of this same carriage some ten miles back in the thick of a waste moorland that afternoon. 'Twas a mere idle freak, taken out of wantonness and upon a merry dinner, and by no means for the sake of the guinea or two that we found in his pockets. Tony gives the nag a slap of his sword and off she goes a-spinning down the highway for dear life, with the coachman all a-sweat with terror and the melancholy visage of a gentleman in his red periwig hanging out of the window; while there we stood, the two of us, laughing a broadside. The nag had a piebald front to her, and the chaise, as I have said, was in several colors; and thus it happened that, the lights falling suddenly on 'em in that tail of the day, as we came out upon the back of Exeter, Tony drew up and shoved his paw forward with a mighty blank face.

"See there, Dick!" says he. "And what d'ye think of that?"

'Twas plain enough what I made of it, but I only laughed.

"I make a chaise and the half," says I, "and I warrant to make two by the time we reach Exeter," for, to be sure, swipes or no swipes, we had, each of us, a good warm lining to the stomach.

Tony cast me a surly glance. "Rot you!" said he, "an' if the liquor spoil your wits, I'll be d—n if it shall mine. Nor I won't run my neck into the noose for you nor any like you."

"You're a white-livered sort of cur, you are, Tony," said I with another laugh. "And I suppose the traps will be waiting for us in a posse outside the White Hart. And I shouldn't wonder if the topsman himself was to snatch off his hat to us as we passed by."

"Sink me!" growled Tony, "you forget 'twas broad daylight when we took 'em."

"Well," says I, "I have a notion to sleep in Exeter, and I mind me of a very dainty belly under my belt."

But Tony was still in a sour mood, and though he jogged his horse to my summons, he spoke no word as we went up the hill. The chaise had vanished, but for all that I could see his thoughts were twittering about it.

And in this way we rode up into the town, sprinkled with growing lights, and 'twas not until we came abreast of the White Hart that Tony opened his mouth.

There was a space of hall, very bare and plain, and upon two sides there opened doors into the further parts of the house; but the third was filled with a screen of windows, separating a little privy corner, in which sat the innkeeper, very greasy and affable of look. I threw down a guinea and he fetched out a pint of wine; the which drunken, I turned on my heels and clattered up to a great door set with brass knobs. But the little fat landlord was on my heels in a moment.

"You cannot enter there," said he in a great taking. "'Tis a private room, and not for strangers."

But with the wine newly bubbling in my head, I made little of him. "The devil!" said I. "I will have what I pay for, and I will enter where I list."

He clasped my arm. "Sir! sir!" he cried, "indeed this will be most vexatious to his lordship, and will lose me his custom."

Now, 'tis certain enough that had I conserved my wits more properly, and that dismal juice was not so fluent in my blood, I would never have risked this place of deviltry.

The room was buzzing with sound, and the warmth and the fare pleased me very well. But where the devil was I gotten, and who the devil these cullies might me, and why I was thus politely admitted to the board—these were the enigmas that floated about in my head. Not that I was in any embarrassment; for it was enough for me if I was to be entertained thus royally, waited upon with the best, and enjoined with a high company, such as was scattered about me—and all without so much as a single trespass upon the pocket. But by and by my civil neighbor turned to me.

"You are late," says he. "I suppose you were held at the court; or do you ride from town?"

"Well," says I, very careful, for I am not the man to trip myself over a word, "in a manner you may say yes," I says; and I took a draught of the tanker afore me.

"Ah!" he said, and seemed to puzzle his wits over the rejoinder; but I conceived he was in no very active condition of mind, and it is like enough that what I said seemed from some corners of aspect to contain a sensible answer. So he followed after my example and sipped his wine meditatively.

"His lordship," says he, soon again, "is in high feather this evening."

"You may say that," said I, delivering a glance towards the head of the table, where sat a long-faced, handsome looking fellow, whom, to say sooth, I had not yet minded in the satisfaction of my appetite; "he is filling a paunch, I warrant," I said, with a laugh.

"Hush!" whispered he, with a scared look on his face, and glancing about him, "you will be overheard."

"Overheard!" I said. "Am I a wench that must walk mimmouthed through her wine and not deal in the king's plain English? I permit no man to dictate me upon my language—not I."

The fellow stared at me for a time, and then: "You have a bold tongue," said he, with what I could perceive was a hint of the ironic. "I have no doubt you ply it well. What is your court?" says he.

"The same as yours," says I.

"Oh!" says he, breaking into a smile. "I wear my professions very discernible, then?"

"Yes, you do," said I, bluntly.

"I am glad I have met you," he went on, pleasantly, "and I shall make it my duty to pursue our acquaintance. It is odd, indeed. And what think you, sir, of the Fussett business?"

"Ah, you may well ask," says I, nodding my head. "Gad and I see you are agreed with me. The circumstances stand so plain that there is no denial. Be sure you are right; I'll warrant that; And I myself am game to prove it with the point," says I, slapping my sword.

The gentleman drew away, looking at me with some amazement, and presently his face took on an expression of confusion, and "Quite so!" says he. And I took off my gaze from him and was for letting it fall back on my neighbor to interrogate him upon the identity of this fine cock when its passage along the opposite side of the table discovered, not very far from his lordship himself, no other than the prim-faced gentleman of the parti-colored chaise that Tony and I had ransacked that same afternoon upon the moors.

The cully turned a trifle pale and winced, moving in his seat. Then he frowned and seemed mightily taken up with his plate, after which he lifted his head again and directed a look on me.

"Well," says I to myself, "I am committed to it now; and it's my bearing against his, and the best credentials." And with that feeling that the matter was passed out of my hands I turned on my neighbor and says I to him, but still keeping an eye on the pale-faced booby: "Who may his lordship be?" I says.

"You are jesting," says he. "His lordship?"

"Well," says I, a trifle grimly, for I saw the same lordship, casting his eyes upon the paper: "And maybe you can put a name on him if I can't."

"But—but," he stammered, and then: "Who may you be?" he asked, with some suspicion and in another manner.

"D—n you!" said I; "I've put you a question and a gentleman should need no reminder of his necessary civilities," for by this I saw his lordship's soft and shining eyes directed on us. "What's the cully's name?" I asked.

"'Tis my Lord Jeffreys," he says, in a bare whisper. You will believe me, and I make no shame to admit it, that my legs took a tremor at the words.

"Thank'ee," says I, calmly, to my neighbor. "'Tis well. I have some business with his lordship."

"Well," thinks I, "an' I must lay my back against a wall, I must; but they shall learn that Dick Ryder is not to be browbeat by a lot of scurvy lawyers (for so I supposed them), what ever fate he in store for him."

And so, turning to my next-door neighbor, I began very loudly, and as if resuming a conversation with him:

"Nay, nay; but I am at odds with you, sir. Faith, I disagree with you entirely! Upon my soul, I have never seen his lordship in a better condition and better plumed for service! A worm in his head, say you? Godsnikes, I'll never believe it! His wits wear to a knife-edge with practice."

"And who is this that dares pass questions on his lordship?" he cries in a sharp, clear tone. "Come, I should like to look on him attentively," he says, "that I might know him again. He must be a fellow worth acquaintance if for his future only. I promise you that shall be secured to him, and that he shall know very soon."

The poor wretch was in so pitiable a way that I found it in my heart to be sorry for him; and, after all, he had served me very kindly at the start, so I spoke up, rising in my seat and bowing.

"My lord," I said, "the gentleman says well. Though 'twas to him that my remarks in praise of yourself were addressed, I was mistook. 'Twas not on you that his comment was directed."

"I am in your debt, sir," he said, "for your defense of me. You do well. I warrant Jeffreys has still his wits about him. He has an eye for a rogue, sir. You will do him the justice to acknowledge that, I hope, on our better acquaintance." And he laughed somewhat harshly and eyed the board as if inviting a round of acclamation. The miserable time-servers cackled their loudest, and his lordship, turning again to me; "I should know your face," says he, and offers a kind of wink to the company.

"'Tis no wonder, my lord," I answered, pat as you will; "'tis almost as well known as your lordship's and almost as favorably received."

"Ha!" he cried, with his cold and bitter laugh. "I knew not that I was unawares entertaining a rival. A learned man in the law is this gentleman, no doubt. Well, sir, I will be greedy of your advice while I may. Look you. There was a man tried afore me this day that had rumpadded a civil and innocent gentleman upon the king's highway, and faith the rascal was rash enough to venture into the company of his victim to dinner. What d'ye say to that? What sort of sentence would ye deliver on the wretch?"

"How was he took?" said I.

"Well," said his lordship, after a pause and smiling towards the door, "I fancy the sheriff's officers were summoned upon him."

"Nay," said I. "Then, had I been justice, since he was took, I would ha' hanged him, for 'twas a poor wit that served him no surer than to be so took."

His lordship's smile stole farther up his face and opened his lips so that the white teeth shone, and he smiled in an ugly fashion to the fellow next him.

"You hear that, my lord?" says he, in his sneering way. "Faith, they will presently be saying that he did not deal justice to Dame Alice Lisle."

The man that he addressed winced and smiled uneasily, for 'twas well known that the popular feeling ran high upon the scandalous trial, which was but newly concluded, though I wondered to hear the prime engine of that infamous conviction jest so wantonly upon it.

"Sirrah," he said, "you have a signal charter for your tongue, I can perceive. It is a righteous conscience keeps you in countenance. You are bold upon your virtues. I have met your kidney before, and if I must hang a knave, I prefer to hang one with an insolent front to him that snivels. I would disembowel t'other in the pillory. There is too much softness in this modern justice."

"My lord," says I, "you speak my feelings like a book. Faith, I would griddle the canting rogue with these two hands."

"'Twould be strange, to learn, sirrah," said his lordship to me, "out of a natural curiosity what robbed thee of thy senses to fetch thee here. 'Tis an odd new policy for the hare to lie down with the fox."

With that I got to my feet. "My lord," said I, very boldly and in a public voice, "I have come here uninvited, 'tis true, and I proffer you my apologies for the trespass; but I have come upon a pressing private business with your lordship."

His lordship stared at me with a sour look in his eye. "Indeed?" says he, harshly. "I am not used to have any business with one of your kidney, and that not private," he says. "My lord," said I, "'tis the most urgent message, and needeth instant delivery."

"Well," said he, in his tyrannical fashion, "I hope we shall hear good of this message; for I swear, if I do not I will have thee hanged the higher," and he motioned to me to draw nearer, at the same time that the other gentlemen of the king's counsel withdrew to the bottom of the room, conversing together. But the officers approached, and stood a little way off by Jeffreys' signal, but keeping out of earshot.

"Who are you, fellow, and what pretenses are these you make?" asked his lordship, roughly, as soon as we were alone, but examining me with curiosity.

"My lord," said I, "I make no pretenses, as I shall assure you; and as for myself, believe me that I play a truer part than does appear."

He started and stared at me under his brows in suspicion. "What prince?" he asked, brusquely.

"There is but one," said I boldly, "and one that shall rent no no longer by God's grace and the trusty arms of England."

"You mean the prince of Orange?" he asked, in a lower voice. I nodded.

"You are a bold man," he said, "to bring me this message."

"I would do that and more than that for the good of the cause," said I.

Jeffreys was silent, and then: "Come, what is this message, then?" he inquired with a sardonic glance.

"Events have been stirring in the low country," said I, "as your lordship will be aware. The whole of the north is disaffected against his majesty. It needs but to land," I said, "and your lordship knows what might happen."

"I think, sir, we were to come to quarters," said Jeffreys, in a low voice, but still in his imperious way.

Well, if he would take it, he was to have it then and there. "The prince," says I, whispering, "is already landed."

He started before my eyes, but recovering himself, "I have had runners from Plymouth this afternoon," he said, "and there was no news of import."

"Nay," said I. "It was not from Plymouth I come, my lord."

"You remind me of my duty," he exclaimed sternly. "Deliver this message, for I can tarry no longer."

"My lord," said I, "I would have come to it sooner were it not for your distrust. I am charged by the prince himself, no less. I have ridden all day upon a circuit. Three noblemen were named, and your lordship also. The prince lies on English soil to-night and would confer with these four faithful subjects."

"This is very well, sirrah. You make an excellent liar," he said. "You would come here and offer me a cock-and-bull tale, thinking me a lack-wit to see you so impudently stand in your lie."

"My lord," said I, as warm as may be, "see in what my position stands. I am come here, penetrating to your very fireside. I staked my head upon the risk. 'Tis in your office to sound a word, and these fellows will take me forth upon a capital charge of treason. Yet my death, which would be an evil to me in that case, would profit you nothing, my lord—nay, less than nothing in the coming trouble."

Again he paused. "The chief justice of this realm does not parley with treason," said he.

But I had a glimpse of the man now. I saw what fear ran in his blood; he would not have kept me haggling there if he had it not in his heart to coquette with fortune.

"My lord," I said, "and who would credit that a poor highwayman talked of state politics with the lord chief justice? Why, a gallows and the topsman would serve his turn."

He heaved a little sigh, fidgeting with his fingers. "Who the devil are you?" he asked. "You are taken for a padsman."

"My lord," said I, "'tis strange company a man may keep for a purpose. I will not deny that I know your suspicions and whence they spring. Indeed, it was the gentleman's natural conclusion. I was pressed to carry my mission. Sure I have been worse accompanied than by a tobyman. But as for my name, your lordship has given me no answer. Call me Ryder. I am for the prince."

He heard me out, and 'twas the little touch of braggadocio I think converted him as much as anything. "What do you propose?" he asked, in another tone.

"I would ride back to-night," I said, "unless your lordship decide that I must lodge in jail."

"As to that," he exclaimed, "Mr. Ryder, I fear that we must lodge you there in the meantime. What hour would you start?"

"The sooner the better," said I. "But nine will serve."

He regarded me with an urgent face of inquiry. "This may be a trap," he said, suspiciously.

"Your lordship may guard against that," said I, suavely. "As large an escort of horse as you will, and none to know our destination, save us two."

"Nay, none save yourself, Mr. Ryder it appears," he said, grimly. "But you say well. I will be with you at nine."

A little later, and you might see me settled in the compter, hugging myself the one minute, and the next perplexed upon a further step; for, by what I saw of Jeffreys, I reckoned upon my punctual deliverance. The fact is that he was afeared of what would issue from his promised trouble of the Dutchman, and 'twas reported that such was the state of those about the court, who were in the mind to play two parts, and neither with any stomach.

"You have not informed me, Mr. Ryder," says he, "to what destination we are bound?"

Now, this was pretty much to the point, for Bloody Jeffreys was not the man to waste useless words; but, Lord love you, I had as much notion as whither we were set for as he had himself. 'Twas for a chance I was playing, and now that I had my two legs across Calypso once more, it would go hardly with the whole half-dozen of 'em if I did not show a clear pair of boots somewhere and sometime. But of course I had thought upon the question in my prison, and says I: "You will understand, your lordship, that it's not in my authority to commit anything to words. I am bound by the prince's orders."

"Well, well," he cried with impatience, "I suppose that I am to arrive somewhere."

"And where that somewhere is your lordship shall learn," said I, "with the permission and from the lips of his gracious majesty King William."

He started at the words and eyed me askance for a space, a dubious expression of irresolution crossing his features. "You are a bold man, Mr. Ryder," he exclaimed, with something of a sneer. "I may remind you that there surround you five stalwart men-at-arms that own allegiance to his majesty James II."

"And you would have added," my lord," said I, "that James Stuart's trusted servant is conversing with me. I am sensible of the peril in which I stand. But I am no Facing both ways. I hold my conscience, i' faith."

He said nothing, angrily considering me.

Now all this time we were getting farther into the rude country parts of the shire, and more than once I had turned the party upon a by-way, so that by this we were come out by the devil knows where.

"What is this?" asked Jeffreys, in surprise.

"This is the place, my lord," said I, in a whisper. "If you will march with me a little in the fore of these men, I will instruct you further as we ride up."

"I take it, sir," he said at once, "that the prince lies here?"

"That is so, my lord," said I, though, to say sooth, I was all the time wondering what the devil might lie at the end of this long passage, and what should be my next turn in the game.

"My lord, I will prepare your way. Keep ye here, and you shall be fetched presently."

He stared at me suspiciously and in some bewilderment; but ere he could say anything the door swung gently back. With a spring I was across the threshold—and click goes the lock behind me in the very face of the astonished janitor. But he fell a-trembling.

"Who are you?" he said, while the light he carried shook in his hands.

"Hush!" says I, warningly; "make no noise. Your lives hang on it. There is a pack of dirty cut-throats on my heels," I says.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, and retired hurriedly from the door. I followed him, but he drew back, very suspicious.

"My good man," said I, judging him by his looks to be the butler, "pray use me with no suspicion. I am come to warn you. See, I bear no arms, but am a private and peaceful citizen like yourself."

"How come you here?" he asked, being somewhat reassured.

"I became privy to their designs by accident at the Wolcombe inn, the scurvy rogues," said I, very pat and indignant, "and I have rode to warn your master in the nick of time. Where may he be?"

"His lordship is abed, sir," he says.

"Oh, well," said I, "hale him forth."

"Nay, but I dare not," says he.

Now, in point of fact, as you may see, 'twas in my power without more ado to play on my poor butler's fears, and so, skipping out of a back door, to leave Jeffreys and his crew to cool their heels on the terrace. But I was by this time infused with a zest of the adventure; I entertained it with a gusto; and so, drawing him gravely to a window near by that looked upon the front.

"Lord save us!" he said, with his teeth going. And just at that moment a thin voice sounded from somewhere above, and a tall, lean old gentleman, wrapped in a nightrobe and looking choleric of face, peered over the stairway at us.

"What the devil are you at, Jenkins?" he says peevishly.

"Oh, my lord," cried Jenkins (if that was the fool's name), "'tis a gentleman that has come to warn us—and there is a pack of highwaymen without, and our throats shall all be cut! Heaven help us!"

"Silence, sirrah! I will have none of this noise," cries the old gentleman in a peppery voice. "You have disturbed my rest!" he says angrily.

"But, my lord," cried poor Jenkins, "the highwaymen—"

"Well, well," says he, shrilly, "send 'em away. You must get rid of 'em," and he looked testily at the butler.

But by this time from the noise of our talking the whole house was awake, and there came the sound of doors opening, and forth from dark passages broke lights and faces peered over the balustrades.

"My lord," said I, for 'twas time for me to think of old Jeffreys outside, "'tis true there's highwaymen without, but I can think of a way to trap 'em."

"'Tis well someone has wits," says he pettishly. "Well, what would you do?"

"I would let the captain in," said I, "when he knocks on the door, and shutting him off from his fellows fall upon him and take him."

"What then?" said he.

"Why," says I, "you may then make your terms with the gang, having him for a hostage."

"Why did you not think of that, Jenkins?" said the old man querulously. "Jenkins, you shall capture the captain as this gentleman advises."

But Jenkins' face fell and he fidgeted with his fingers. 'Twas plain the mission was not to his taste. There was no time to spend upon such tremors, for indeed I knew that Jeffreys would be getting suspicious in his mind, and I was now resolute to put a seove upon him for his ugly behaviour. So said I: "There is no need, my lord, to entrust the matter with Jenkins here, seeing that all may bear a hand. I make no doubt that there be weapons of a kind, and if Mr. Jenkins, maybe, will jump on the villain's back when he is down—"

"Faith, that will I," said Jenkins stoutly, and armed himself forthwith with a warming-pan that hung upon the walls.

And that act setting the note, the company broke away in a commotion, each securing some form of a missile wherewith to assail the miscreant. And with that, as if the affair was already at an end, the old gentleman pulls his wrapper close around him and returns very coolly to his bed. But I had no time for these observations, for now was come the occasion upon which my scheme depended, and—

"There he knocks," said I suddenly.

But they were all so cluttered with their fears and their excitement that not one of them but believed I spoke the truth.

"Lord, how savage he knocks!" says a wench, with a shiver, and lays hold of a lackey's arm.

I went down to the door, and upon the first lifting of the latch they popped away like rabbits in a warren. There, sure enough, was his lordship in a mighty trepidation and with an ugly scowl.

"Come in," says I in a whisper; "the prince was abed, but will see you at once, my lord."

He came over the threshold, and—clap—I shut the door behind him; and when that was done I breathed more freely, for I knew that I was secure in my game. The chief justice, looking very fine and stately, advanced down the solitary hall, emerging under the dim light; and then, all of a sudden a hassock came rustling through the air and took him in the belly. Over he went with a little gasp and measured his length upon the floor. Upon that leaps out my friend Jenkins with his warming-pan, and bestriding his lordship's back sets to belaboring for dear life. Immediately after, and encouraged by this, others of the lackeys sprang forth and fell at maltreating the poor cully where he lay.

"Take that, you lousy knave, you!" says one fat wench and turns over him a kitchen utensil of some kind.

"Let me scratch his eyes!" cries another; and, Lord love you, what with their exclamations and the screaming, to say nothing of the noise of Jenkins' warming-pan and his lordship's angry oaths, you would have thought that Bedlam was broke loose.

But in the midst of it all I caught suddenly a sound of horses' hoofs upon the gravel, and on the top of that came a hammering at the door. I am no fool to outstay my welcome, and so thinks I that the time is come, and seizing a light that stood near by, I made straight through the midst of that uproar and plunged into the darkness of the house. Here, by picking my way through divers passages, I presently came forth by a side door and passed out into the night. A shrill whistle in the old way fetched Calypso to me whinnying, and as I put my hand upon her bridle I turned back and listened. There was that pandemonium still within the hall, reaching me faintly through the open doorway, and the escort was still hammering on the hall door. Then I leaped into the saddle and turned the mare's nose down a side track in the park, and the last I heard as I rode off, chuckling to myself, was the noise of the escort pounding on the door.

Subscribe for the MINER

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

BEES LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

CONFORMS TO NATIONAL PURE FOOD AND DRUGS LAW.

An improvement over many Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies, because it rids the system of a cold by acting as a cathartic on the bowels. No opiates. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Prepared by PINEULE MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Broadening Jethro.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

The town could boast no "Seeing Concordia Car," but had one of the antiquitous omnibuses carried visitors through the pleasant, shaded streets it is certain that Jethro Hawkins would have been pointed out as one of the objects of local interest along with the bank, and pulp mill and the house where Washington had slept when passing through the town.

In the absence of sightseers Hawkins was an object of unfeigned interest to his fellow townspeople, more especially the women, for a confirmed bachelor is ever the cynosure of match makers.

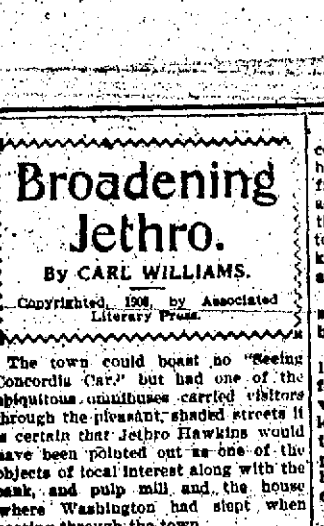
Other cavaliers came and wooed and won or were dismissed to woo again, but Jethro's infatuation for Andadra Wayland could be counted upon as a topic of conversation year in and year out.

When Jethro had been a great, gawky lad of nineteen and Andadra a sentimental slip of seventeen-year-old femininity he had kissed her and had asked her to wait for him. Afterward he never could tell how he had achieved either the kiss or the question.

Jethro was now thirty and Andadra twenty-eight, and they were still waiting, because Jethro was thrown into a panic at the very sight of a woman.

Andadra was patient and said "No" to half a score of suitors, but still Jethro did not speak, so the whole town, knowing the situation, came to take an interest in the affair.

That Jethro was in love was above question. Love shone in his eager blue eyes. Despairing adoration was betrayed in every line of the dejected figure.



"I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T CARE FOR ME ANY MORE, JETH."

If tongue could have spoken his love as eloquently as his eyes Concordia's matchmakers would have ceased to worry.

Then suddenly Jethro went away. Connected with his departure was no incident, but his return was eventful.

To be sure, he planned to spend a week end with his grandmother, but to Concordians a journey of 200 miles was something more than an event, and practically the whole town saw Jethro off.

It gave him a rather good opinion of himself, and he bore himself with dignity on the journey. He assumed the airs of a traveler of long experience, and when the time came for his return he approached the railroad station with none of the embarrassment he had felt when he went to take the train at Concordia.

He even lingered on the platform until the last moment instead of climbing aboard the train the moment it pulled into the station. With a blase air he let one or two cars slip past him, and he swung himself aboard by the rail of the rear platform.

He threw open the door and passed through the corridor of the sleeper. In the wash room half a dozen men were playing cards with a suit case for a table. Most of them were coatless, and their collars and ties had been removed in the heat of the game. Jethro hurried on. He did not want a seat in the sleeper; it cost more money.

He knew that the day coaches were just ahead and vaguely wondered why one sleeper should be in the rear when all the others were up front ahead of the ordinary coaches. When he issued from the corridor he stood rooted to the floor in amazement.

Instead of the decorous, well groomed city travelers, he had expected to find, some twenty flashily dressed women were scattered through the car.

As he appeared one tiny little woman with hair obviously bleached set up a cry of "Look who's here!" and the other nineteen obeyed the command. Now, even a city man may well quail before twenty actresses. What chance had Jethro against their raillery?

He was good looking, with an athletic figure, but his clothes and his manner bespoke the man of the small town. His confusion was immensely diverting to the women members of the burlesque company, who were only too appreciative of a break in the monotony of travel.

In a moment they had flocked about him and were plying him with questions. Stammeringly he explained that he was merely making his way toward the forward part of the train. They would not accept the explanation.

"Now, honest, Reuben, you came to visit us!" cried the little soubrette. "You're a sly old boy, and you can't get out of it that way. Sit down and tell us your name and all about yourself. Your name is Reuben, isn't it?"

"It's Jethro," he explained, vaguely conscious that "Reuben" held some hidden meaning not altogether free from sarcasm. "It's Jethro Hawkins, and I didn't come to see you. I got on the tail end of the train, and I want to go to one of the regular cars. I don't know what this car is, but I guess it's a lunatic asylum."

A roar of laughter greeted the comment, and the soubrette patted the bronzed cheek appreciatively.

"You're all right, Jethro," she cried laughingly. "This isn't the foolish foundry on wheels, though it will be if we have to have many more of these long jumps. This is the Gotham Gaiety Girls company, and we're awfully pleased to meet you. This car won't be cut off for three hours yet, and we can have a nice long visit."

"I don't want no visit," declared Jethro, but his wishes counted for naught. The company was train tired and welcomed the diversion of his unexpected call.

They enjoyed Jethro's embarrassment, which amounted almost to terror, and when he sought to push his way forward they clung to his neck, and he was forced to sit down, if only to escape the white arms that detained him.

Almost before he realized it he was chatting with the crowd as though he had known them for years. The men had come into the car from the card game and taken a part in the fun, and when at last they began to get ready for their journey's end he really regretted their going.

When their special car was cut off he waved them a farewell from the rear of the last day coach and then went forward to the smoker for the remainder of the trip.

It was late in the afternoon when the train halted at Concordia and Jethro descended the steps. Andadra was not on the station platform, but as Jethro was driven home in the village bus he passed the girl on her way to the postoffice.

"Leave my grip with the folks, Jim," he cried as he dropped from the step of the vehicle and, to the astonishment of the onlookers, raced after Andadra. But none of them was more astonished than the girl, for Jethro came up with a jauntiness that in him was astonishing.

"I wanted to tell you that I'm coming over tonight to see you," he explained. "I've something I want to tell you," he added importantly.

"Anything you can't tell me now?" asked the girl wonderingly.

"Oh, I don't know," was the assured response. "I just want to ask you to marry me, and I meant to do it right in your own sitting room. But I guess there's no time like the present. Will you have me?"

"I thought you were never going to speak," said Andadra, beaming her delight. "I thought you didn't care for me any more, Jeth."

"Been caring 'bout eleven years," told Jethro, "but I always seemed afraid to speak. I guess travel must broaden a fellow."

Andadra nodded her happy assent, but Jethro wisely forbore to tell her that the guying and the frank friendliness of the Gotham Gaiety Girls had cured his fear of her sex. He felt somehow that Andadra would not understand.

His Face Not His Fortune.

In the wilds of the North island, among the members of the Arawa tribe, there lives a Maori whose face in bygone days carried with it conditions that the owner is pleased were not fulfilled. An artist looking for "subjects" was struck with the exceptional elaborate tattooing on the man's cheek, nose and forehead. The artist at once selected him as a type of the ancient Maori, but the members of the tribe, however, said that he was a "nobody" and did not deserve the honor accorded to him. They explained that he had been a slave and that his face had been splendidly tattooed in order that his head could be sold at a great price in the days when traffic in dried heads was a lucrative calling for the chiefs and notables. The man evidently circumvented the commercial instincts of his master until the grewsome trade was abolished, and after that, of course, his face was no longer a menace to his head.—Wairarapa Times.

Scripts and Manuscripts.

When a novelist delivers the manuscript of a book to his publisher his troubles are over. He can go away and forget about it or sit down and write another book. But when a dramatist turns over the "script" of his play to the stage manager his troubles have just begun; also, for that matter, his fun, for putting on a play is probably the most trying and amusing experience of the whole writing industry.

In fiction the author designs and finishes the whole work, from conception to execution, like a painter of pictures. The manuscript of his story is practically the finished product as it comes to the consumer, except that it is typewriting instead of type. But the manuscript of a play is no more a play which people will pay money to see than an architect's blueprint is a house for a family to live in.—Collier's Weekly.

An Obedient Tiger.

"How entire," remarks the London Globe, "is the confidence of the native East Indian in the government may be gathered from the following anecdote, which comes from Lahore: A tiger had escaped from the zoological gardens, and its keeper, hoping to lure it back, followed it. When all other inducements had failed, he lifted up his voice and solemnly adjured it in the name of the British government, to which it belonged, to come back to its cage. The tiger, it is needless to add, obeyed at once."

Foul or Fair Weather.

Small Wallace accepted an invitation to a party, as follows:

"Dear Louis—I will come to your party if it don't rain" (then, thinking that he might have to stay at home in that case), "and if it does."—Delineator.

Getting an "Old Man."

"Speaking of new men," said the boss of the skyscraper builders with a twinkle, "comical things happen even up here, the same as in a theater. Sometimes in rush seasons there ain't enough hands to go round, and we have to take 'em green as the hills. I had one once, a kid from Vermont, a whale of a kid, with bones like a horse and eyes awful anxious to please—eyes that made you like him. He's one of the best men I've got now, but then he was green as God made him." The foreman stopped to chuckle.

"'Go up to the eighteenth floor,' I told him one day, 'and bring down an old man.' I was busy at the time, and when I saw the kid stare I said kind of sharp that if that old man wasn't here in five minutes the whole blamed building would probably go to smash. This was just my way of making him hustle, but he thought I meant it word for word. He went up on the run, and in a few minutes he came down with a sputtering, clawing old feller held like a vise in his arms.

"'He was the only old man on the floor,' said the kid, 'and he wanted to stop and argue about it, but from what you said I knew what it meant, so I just grabbed him and came.'

"You see," the foreman added kindly, noting my puzzled expression, "an old man happens to be the name of a tool we use."—Everybody's Magazine.

Making Caricatures.

The way in which some artists can distort features without making them unrecognizable is certainly very remarkable. Thomas Nast possessed this faculty to an extraordinary degree, and he had a very peculiar way of adding new faces to his mental photograph gallery. When a fresh subject would arise in politics, for instance, he would invent some pretext to call upon him at his office or house and hold him in conversation as long as possible, studying his features. When he took his departure he would purposely leave his cane. Once outside, Nast would make a hasty pencil sketch on a card and would usually find that his memory was deficient as to some detail. He would then return, ostensibly for the cane, and another look at the victim would enable him to perfect his sketch. After that he had the man forever. When Joe Keppler was alive he used to make frequent trips to Washington for the purpose of seeing statesmen whom he wanted to draw. He was very clever at catching likenesses and scarcely ever referred to a photograph.

A Wonderful Bird.

One day a wonderful bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's (wife of the famous arctic explorer) home at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened, and in another moment she covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses. The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with him and his expedition in the polar region. Nansen had fastened a message to the bird and turned it loose. The frail courier darted out into the blizzardly air. It flew like an arrow over a thousand miles of frozen waste and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress and delivered the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

Would Let Folks Know It.

Somebody sent this to the society editor and made affidavit that it really happened.

Here it is: They were out at an afternoon card party. A stout woman dropped a card to the floor. "Would you be so kind as to pick up that card for me?" she inquired of the little woman at her right.

"Certainly," said the accommodating woman at the right, picking up the card.

"You see," explained the stout woman apologetically, "I've got on a brand new fifty dollar corset, and I'm afraid I'll strain it if I lean over."

"Hum!" commented the other woman enviously. "If I had a fifty dollar corset I'd wear it on the outside. I really would."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Crazy.

"We find the prisoner not guilty by reason of insanity."

"But the plea was not that of insanity," remarked the court.

"That's just the point we made," rejoined the foreman. "We decided that any man who didn't have sense enough to know that an insanity plea was the proper caper must be crazy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Was Sensitive.

Blobbs—You're pretty much stuck on Miss Gobbs, aren't you, old man? Hobbs—I was once; but after what she said to me last night I'm not going to pay any more attention to her. Blobbs — Gee! What did she say? Hobbs—"No!"—Cleveland Leader.

Freshman, Mathematics.

Freshby—Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?

"There is a pretty close approach to it when the conceit is taken out of a freshman."—Jewish Ledger.

Over and Under.

"Archie is fairly going crazy over his new motor."

"That's strange. Every time I've seen him he has been going crazy under it."

The trouble with many a man's integrity is that it needs constant vindication.—Chicago News.

The Helpless Bachelor.

The married man lives scientifically; he never pays a bill twice or thrice over because he has lost the receipt. The bachelor lives unscientifically. He is robbed right and left; he is the prey of every footpad that lurks behind counters.—London Sketch.

The Farmer of the Future.

The future farmer will subirrigate his land and defy drought as well as floods. He will become a scientific forester, and every farm will produce wood and lumber as well as wheat and apples. A single acre will produce what ten acres yield now. Women will work outdoors as heartily as men—in fact, they will be the horticulturists and the truck gardeners. There will be closer relation between the producer and the consumer, ignoring a horde of middlemen who frequently waste more than is destroyed by ignorant help and insect foes combined. Under the alliance with the school the farm will be valued not only for its gross weight of products, but for its poems and its education. As our schools become places for applying as well as acquiring knowledge, our farm homes will become integral parts of the garden school and the school farm. The alliance between the home and the school will become very close. A valley full of farms is already the nearest to paradise that we have, but the future will tenfold its wealth and hundredfold its delights.—Independent.

Shiftless.

Mrs. Borrow—Our neighbors are very shiftless people. Mr. Borrow—How do you know? Mrs. Borrow—When I go over to borrow anything they never have it.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 18, 1909:

Olle Olson.

Mrs. Elsie Thomas.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

There is not any butter salve than DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. We hereby warn the public that we are not responsible for any injurious effects cause from worthless or poisonous imitations of our DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve, the original. It is good for anything when a salve is needed, but it is especially good for piles. Be sure to get DeWitt's. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without them—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON

when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE

is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

Report of the Condition

—OF—

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK OF MCKEAN COUNTY, AT SMETHPORT, IN THE STATE OF PENNA., AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, FEB. 5, 1909.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 242150 58
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		218 90
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		5591 25
Bonds, securities, etc.		11835 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		25676 24
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)		422 03
Due from approved reserve agents		16480 15
Checks and other cash items		127 50
Exchanges for Clearing House		1570 17
Notes of other National Banks		4075 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		802 16
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	4717 45	
Legal-tender notes	10668 00	15383 45
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of circulation)		2000 00
		427100 85

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 100000 00
Surplus fund	11500 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	1988 88
National Bank notes outstanding	99600 00
Dividends unpaid	220 49
Individual deposits subject to check	211592 73
Certified Checks	68 83
Cashier's checks outstanding	509 40
	427100 85

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, COUNTY OF MCKEAN, ss:

I, J. W. Lee, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. W. LEE, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of Feb., 1909.

E. R. MAYO, Notary Public.

Notarial Seal.
My commission expires January 28th, 1911.

Correct—Attest:—

A. B. ARMSTRONG,
H. W. RUMIN,
JOHN N. APPLE,
Directors.

Notice.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, of February Term, 1909, No. 80.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said court, on the 22 day of February, 1909, at 2 o'clock p. m., under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled: "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the approval of a certain amendment to the charter of the Bradford Business Men's Association, as set forth in the petition for the allowance of said amendment, filed in said court.

W. E. BUNDICK, Solicitor.

Dated Jan. 26, 1909.

WAVERLY

30 Years

Experience in the manufacture of Gasoline means much to the motorist. In the use of

Waverly Brands

76°—Motor—Stove—

you are guaranteed the greatest possible efficiency—cleanliness, power—all, clean explosion—freedom from carbon deposits on spark plugs or in cylinders—ready ignition. Your dealer will supply you.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
Pittsburg, Pa.

GASOLINE

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATOR, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean in the State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth (4th) Monday of February, A. D. 1909.

First and partial account of Herman H. North, executor of the last Will and Testament of John K. Merriam, deceased.

First and final account of Delila J. Colwell, administratrix of the estate of John Colwell, deceased.

First and final account of F. J. Goodfellow, administrator of the estate of W. A. Minor, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of John B. Eastman, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Luther Eastman, deceased.

Final account of Lewis C. Knapp and Thomas L. Knapp, executors of the last Will and Testament of Emeline L. Knapp, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Herbert E. Allen, administrator of the estate of Elmira Prosser, deceased.

Final account of A. J. Douglas, executor of the last Will and Testament of James Maloney, deceased.

Second and partial account of Harriet G. Saunders and Lydia C. Rose Lewis, executors of the last Will and Testament of W. J. Colegrove, deceased.

First, partial and distributive account of Ada M. Young, administrator, c. t. a. of the last Will and Testament of Ann Elida Taylor, deceased.

First and final accounts of Frank Eckert, guardian of Winnie Bishop, Della Bishop and George Bishop, late minor children of Emery LeRoy Bishop, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Arthur L. Bailey, administrator of the estate of F. H. Bailey, deceased.

First and final account of Andrew Gustafson, administrator of the estate of August Johnson, deceased.

First and final account of E. E. Eldridge, guardian of Polly Pearl Mitchlitree, late minor child of Noah H. Parker, both deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.

Smethport, Pa., January 23, 1909.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 21, October Term, 1908.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Maud Miller did, on the 2nd day of June 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank E. Miller.

We therefore command you, the said Frank E. Miller, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, 1909, to answer the petition or libel of Maud Miller and show cause, if any you have, why the said Maud Miller, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1909.

F. W. Hastings, Libellant's Attorney.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills FOR BACKACHE

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 14, Oct. Term, 1908.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Earl D. Kilpatrick did, on the 1st of June 1908, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Altbell Kilpatrick.

We therefore command you, the said Altbell Kilpatrick, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Earl D. Kilpatrick and show cause, if any you have, why the said Earl D. Kilpatrick your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1909.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 148, October Term, 1908.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Elsie F. Colin did, on the 6th day of September, 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, John B. Colin.

We therefore command you, the said John B. Colin, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next, to answer the petition or libel of Elsie F. Colin and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elsie F. Colin your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1909

E. R. Mayo & Son, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 121, Oct. Term, 1908.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Minnie Gallagher did, on the 16th of July, 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank Gallagher.

We therefore command you, the said Frank Gallagher, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Minnie Gallagher and show cause, if any you have, why the said Minnie Gallagher, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1909.

H. S. Rogers, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 220, Oct. Term, 1908.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Myrtle Brunk did, on the 20th day of August, 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Peter Brunk.

We therefore command you, the said Peter Brunk, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, next to answer the petition or libel of Myrtle Brunk and show cause, if any you have, why the said Myrtle Brunk, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1909.

F. D. Gallup, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice of Dissolution.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County.

In the matter of the dissolution of the Kane Electric Street Railway Company. No. 81, February Term, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that the Kane Electric Street Railway Company filed its petition in the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County on the 12th day of January, 1909, praying for a decree of dissolution, and the Court has fixed the 22nd day of February, 1909, at 2 o'clock p. m., for hearing said petition for dissolution, when and where all persons interested can attend if they deem it expedient and show cause against granting the prayer of said petition.

A. F. HUEY,
Solicitor for Petitioner.

Eat What

You want of the food you need

Kodol will digest it.

You need a sufficient amount of good wholesome food and more than this you need to fully digest it.

Else you can't gain strength, nor can you strengthen your stomach if it is weak.

You must eat in order to live and maintain strength.

You must not diet, because the body requires that you eat a sufficient amount of food regularly.

But this food must be digested, and it must be digested thoroughly.

When the stomach can't do it, you must take something that will help the stomach.

The proper way to do is to eat what you want, and let Kodol digest the food.

Nothing else can do this. When the stomach is weak it needs help; you must help it by giving it rest, and Kodol will do that.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today, and purchase a dollar bottle, and if you can honestly say, that you did not receive any benefits from it, after using the entire bottle, the druggist will refund your money to you without question or delay.

We will pay the druggist the price of the bottle purchased by you.

This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family.

We could not afford to make such an offer, unless we positively knew what Kodol will do for you.

It would bankrupt us.

The dollar bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is made at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Marlin

A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the mud, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.

There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "Marlin Book" just issued. 128 pages with a handsome art cover. 15¢ FREE for 2 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.